The Weekly Pacific.

"First Pure then Peaceable—without Partiality and without Hypocrisy."

VOLUME VII. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 22, 1858. NUMBER 17.

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Letters from England.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—This, my first Sunday in London, I went to "All Souls" Church; found two women opening pews. Benches for servants were placed down the middle aisle. The prayers were read rapidly and indistinctly—could hardly be understood. After these came the sermon, by the Rector. His appearance was interesting and quite youthful. His style was chaste, his manner good; the text—"Those that are planted in the house of the Lord, shall flourish in the courts of the Lord." The subject was the education of children. "The plant, under rich, unhealthy influences, producing only a luxurious appearance; no flowers or fruit to be found upon it. Those early taught the fear of God, flourish in God's courts; even in age clusters of flowers appear—even in death, we discern the fruits of faith and hope; age returns to the lessons of youth to follow their precepts. Little children are precious to the Savior; His last commendation to Peter was, 'feed my lambs.'" The preacher was most happy in his scriptural illustrations. The aspect of the church was quiet and solemn, and I was reminded of the old churches in Charleston, S. C.

After dinner, went to the "Scottish Kirk." Service had begun. The church was full, but they gave us a good seat, and our attention was soon riveted. Mr. Hamilton's phraseology at once proclaimed him the author of the "Royal Preacher." His imagination is the vehicle of his thoughts; he cannot speak without metaphor. His appearance is chastened, his eye soft and holy; his spirit seems to rise above earth, and he pleads the cause of his Master most touchingly. It is "why will ye perish? He died for all." His manner is nervous, not from strength, but timidity. His voice is sweet and modulated. A strong Scottish accent, silvered by the soft breath of the Spirit. I can never forget him, there was something so touchingly beautiful in his appearance and manner. His text was—"By much slothfulness the building decayeth, and through idleness of the hands the house droppeth through." The house was the sinner; the least infringement of the law, the breach in the wall,—carelessness in keeping the Sabbath led to its final desecration. If you let the house alone, nature herself would destroy it. We must guard every rent, fasten every loose stone and weak rafter,—we were unconscious, from indolence, of the decay going on, until one after another fell, and we sought to sustain ourselves and the shattered ruin until it fell and buried us.

A little talk with the old lady in whose pew we sat, who, like every one, was civil and kind, and we left the church to find our way home. It had been a long summer day, and the sun had not yet made its golden set. We walked from street to square, asking directions of the policemen who are at every corner, until we reached our lodgings. Next morning moved to more commodious apartments at the Brunswick Hotel, in Jermyn street. We all scattered—some to the British Museum, some to the Banker's and our Minister's—dined at the "Wellington Arms." In the evening went to see Madame Touseau's wax figures. They are wonderfully life-like. It is difficult to distinguish the living forms around from the senseless, so perfect is the imitation.

This morning left at an early hour, and drove to Somerset House, then to see Waterloo Bridge, then to the Temple, to Pump Lane to deliver a letter to some Barrister—this was entering a new world. Its entire distinctness is curious; a world within a world. We passed through narrow lanes, came upon courts planted with flowers,—the love of flowers is a beautiful characteristic of the English. Here were the chambers of the law students. The windows were lined with rows of pots, containing mignonette, geraniums, &c. If your eye glanced into the room, you were sure to see a vase of fresh flowers on the table.

We came upon a large church, partly Norman, partly Elizabethan. I began to feel myself in the presence of old friends; my spirit stirred within me. Here was the "Inner Temple." Where was Goldsmith's room? Where Johnson's house? were questions we asked each other. An old man pointed out Johnson's house; over the door was written "Johnson's Staircase." Without hesitation, I ran up and knocked at the door; it was opened by a most benevolent looking man, about thirty years old. I asked, "Sir, may we come in and see the rooms Dr. Johnson once lived in?" His reception was most cordial; he enjoyed our enthusiasm, showed us all the rooms of Dr. Johnson, told us of the Garrick Club, and gave us a card of entrance. He then led us to the church we had passed, which is the Temple Church. In this all the students worship. It is a beautiful building, and has many interesting associations about it. The tiles which compose the pavement, are marked on the one side with the figure of a lamb, on the other side with that of a griffin. This was the place of worship for the Inner and the Outer Temples, the lamb belonging to the one, the griffin to the other. Our kind guide carried us to the tombs of the Knight's Templars, in the vestibule. Here they lie in complete panoply;—those who died in the Holy Land had their legs crossed.

In answer to our acknowledgments at parting, the gentleman said:—"Should I ever visit your country, I am sure I should receive equal kindness; I only regret I can do no more for you." We saw the street the Knight's Templars were wont to march through; also, the Palace of Woolsey, and Henry the Eighth. The great fire of London stopped at the walls of this church. I tried to find Goldsmith's tomb, but was hurried off by my party to St. Paul's. This is an immense building. The monuments are interesting, from the great persons they were erected for. In the vaults, we saw Nelson's monument, and one about to be put up for Wellington. We then went to "Doctors' Commons." Here we entered the building appropriated to wills; saw shelves covered with immense volumes of them. Went into an inner room, secured by massive doors, and saw the will of Shakspeare, almost in shreds, laid with care on parchment, also Milton's will. We were sorry to hear that the English were losing their veneration for the relics of the past—were threatening to pull down Temple Bar, because it obstructed the merchants' path to the banks. We passed the gate of the city, where the Queen must apply to the Lord Mayor for admittance. No court in England can be held without a mace; recently the lawyers went off on their circuit, forgetting the mace, and were obliged to wait until they sent back to London for it, before they could open the court.

So much for our morning. In the afternoon drove to Hyde Park, in an open barouche. It seemed as if the world had turned out. The number of splendid equipages, with liveried and powdered coachmen and footmen, (they pay a tax for the privilege of having their servants powdered,) the cavalcade on horseback galloping past, made the scene very imposing. After driving around several times, we found the crowd stopped at the entrance to Kensington, and leaving their carriages to promenade. We did the same. The serpentine river winds along, and was enlivened by tiny little skiffs dashing across here and there. We walked till we arrived at a spot appropriated to the equestrians, who were galloping up and down most furiously. As it began to drop rain, we returned to our carriages, drove to St. James Park, saw Buckingham Palace, the residence of the Queen, also the house of her mother, and then the Palace of the Duchess of Sutherland. Kensington is a park, rather than a garden. The trees are splendid, particularly the horse-chestnut, which grows to an enormous size; the grass is beautifully green. Driving in Hyde Park, walking in Kensington Gardens, romance had become reality. To think of a place all one's life, and then to see it, is like a blind man in the enjoyment of the objects he had before only imagined. Some of our party went off that evening to "Vauxhall Gardens," to see the classic ground of Miss Burney and the novelists of her day. Hyde Park reminded me of Boston Common, doubled and trebled, and the moving crowd like that seen in the President's grounds on public days, multiplied in the same way. Yours truly,

A California Indian Boy.

Some three years ago, while I was living on the coast of the Pacific, an Indian boy, about fifteen years old, rendered me repeated services. I believe he was much attached to me; and he was always glad when he could accompany me on a fishing or hunting excursion. When we went to hunt, we would ride to some lagoon or estuary, and then he would hold the horses till I crept around within sight of the wild ducks or geese; and he was glad to secure such as I killed.

On one occasion, when I had shot a duck that was in the middle of a deep pond, he believed I could not get it. I told him I must have it, and immediately set myself and him at work to accomplish my object. He evidently wondered much how I should do it, but helped me in silence. We put three or four rails in the water, and lashed them together with our bridles; then putting a stick across for a seat, I told the boy he must get on and go out to the duck. He said he was afraid, and couldn't. I replied "Very well, sit down and see me go;" and prepared for the trip, not thinking I should have it to make: and I was not mistaken. After a moment he seemed ashamed, and said: "If you want me to go, I will go." He got upon the little raft, and I pushed it off, and told him how to paddle it. His fears soon left him, and he was delighted with this rude process of navigation. He picked up the duck, and then got permission to go to a little island, and soon came back, thinking he had accomplished quite an exploit. We then returned the bridles to our horses and the rails to the fence. I told him I should never tell him to do what he could not do, and he must never again say he couldn't.

On one occasion I reprimanded him for something, when he gave way to anger, and seemed quite stubborn. After speaking very plainly to him, I left him. It was the first time he had acted so. A few minutes reflection were sufficient to show him that he was wrong; and he came to me immediately, and, of his own accord, said he was sorry; and he hoped I would forgive him. It was the only semblance of a difficulty I ever had with him.

There were many bad examples set him by the white people; for he was entirely separated from other Indians. He was beginning to imitate some of these examples, without seeming to know how wicked they were. The worst was profanity. Once when I heard him use profane language, I said to him:

"Don't you know that is wrong?"

"No," he replied, "I hears everybody talk so, and I *thinks* that's the way to talk."

"O! no;" said I, "You don't hear me talk so." He thought a moment, for he evidently had not noticed it; and then said:

"No, but I hears everybody else talk so."

I then tried to explain to him how wrong it is to use such language, and why it was wrong, and what the consequences would be. A few days afterward I heard him talking to a white man who had just been swearing; and I heard my own arguments repeated. There were many who were willing to teach him to do evil, and no one that I ever heard of except myself that said anything to him about being good, and loving God. A year or two afterward, I saw him in San Francisco, where I believe his condition was even worse than before. There were many there who were bad enough to teach him anything, but none, I fear, who thought of teaching him to do well.

There are hundreds of Indian children in our own Christian State, who know nothing of God and the Bible. No one tells them of the sinfulness of sin, or of a Savior who was sacrificed for them. They are among "the nations that forget God;" and always will be, unless something is done for them more than there has been. They know us to be superior to them: and all sorts of people acknowledge superiority when it is perceived. The Indians are pleased with attentions or favors. Once, when I was sketching an Indian camp, I told a boy about ten years old to sit down with his bow and arrows, that I might make a drawing of him also. He was much pleased, and particularly when he saw his likeness on the paper. It is now smiling on one of the pages of my sketch book. Several days afterward, I observed him pointing me out to the Indians, exclaiming, "Papel man! Papel man!" (paper man.) I was at the time among a number of persons on a sidewalk.

No effort is being made to improve the condition of these. They are all around us, famishing for the bread of life. We send missionaries and books to the heathen in many places, where the health and the lives of the missionaries are endangered, and we do this at great expense, but do nothing for the poor heathen at home, where there is a favorable climate, and nothing would be risked. It is time to help them; and we must do it, or we shall not be innocent. The Sabbath School children in this State might support a missionary among them, or sustain a school, that they may learn to read the Bible. Will not the children's missionary societies consider this? A.

Duff's Recollections of Havelock.

Another letter from the veteran Scottish missionary, dating to December 10th, appears in the Edinburgh *Witness*. After referring to the painful suspense of the Calcutta population in reference to the fate of Lucknow, he comes to the death of "another of our immortal heroes, General Havelock," which he attributes to "fatigue and wounds:"

"I knew him personally, having been privileged to make his acquaintance many years ago, under the hospitable roof of the late revered Dr. Marshman, of Serampore, whose son-in-law he was. Somewhat stern and reserved he was in his manner, yet you could not be long in his presence without finding that he was a man who feared God, and that, fearing God, he feared naught else besides. It was this holy, reverential fear of God that was the real source of his undaunted courage in the discharge of duty, at whatever peril of life or fortune. His, in this respect, was the genuine spirit of the old English Puritan, the very spirit of Oliver Cromwell, and his compeers. And the tendency was to turn the British soldiers, under his exclusive molding, into a phalanx of modern Ironsides. He was the first of our generals who distinctly reconized the hand of God in his surprising victories over the mighty hosts of rebel mutineers. "By the blessing of God, I have captured Cawnpore," were the first words of his memorable telegraphic dispatch from the scenes of one of the strangest and bloodest tragedies ever enacted on the stage of time. Faithful as a patriot warrior to his earthly sovereign, he lived to receive from her gracious majesty a first installment of honor and reward, and to hear how a grateful country had hailed his great services with unbounded admiration and applause. But faithful also as a soldier of the Cross to his Sovereign in the skies, he has now gone to receive a far greater honor, and inherit a vastly nobler recompense of reward. He has gone, ripe in grace, to fructify in glory! What a transition? From the confused noise of battle to the hallelujahs of angels! From garments rolled in blood to the pure white robes of the redeemed in Immanuel's land!"

THE POOR MAN'S BIBLE.

WELL might Coleridge say that the fairest flower he ever saw climbing round a poor man's window was not so beautiful in his eyes as the Bible which he saw lying within.—*Bayne.*

DEAR to the eye
Of the passer-by,
'Tis dearer to the heart of the poor:
A Father's smile,
On honest toil,
Is the flower that blooms by his door.

But sweeter far,
And dearer are,
The plants of grace that bloom and thrive
When age and youth,
By Bible truth,
Their hearts control, and daily live.

The Mercy of God Everlasting.

How do the things of this world pass away! One generation followed another, and another after that; and so on from age to age, filling up their long rolls of time in melancholy array. They appear long to me, because my rule of comparison is taken from the shortness of human life; but to eternity, to the everlasting existence of God, these ages are almost nothing. Into this eternity all that can be called time is continually passing, as into a gulf which has neither bottom nor bound. Then time is full of changes and vicissitudes; while eternity is not only a perpetual now, but also a constant and perpetual same. In the midst of all this perishing and disorderly state, there is one rich blessing, which never can fail. The mercy of Jehovah, in Christ Jesus, endureth, yea, endureth forever. This is often repeated by the Lord himself, that it might be constantly and cheerfully believed, and kept in mind. O my soul! thy time faileth, thy body is decaying, the world is daily changing, and nothing about thee continueth in the stay! Blessed be God, to thee likewise, a change shall soon come, and come for the better in the midst of it all! Whatever alterations appear, thou hast an unalterable God, and an imperishable home before thee. If the earth fall into destruction, as soon it will, thy estate cannot be lost; for thou art only a pilgrim and traveler here, and thy inheritance is above, far out of ruin. Thy interest in Christ being safe in Christ, all is safe that is worth saving, with respect to thee. Thou canst only pass from death to life—from sin to holiness—from pain to peace—from earth to heaven—from mortals to God. O how then should I rejoice in thee, my Savior and my Lord! In thee, who makest all things mine; all, either as good, or to lead me to good! I adore thee, that thou disposest the world, life, death, things present, or things to come, in my behalf; calling them mine—making them really mine, because they contribute to my welfare. Above all, I bless thee for the end. I am lost in love and admiration, when thou tellest me that I am thine, O my Redeemer! even as thou art God's—*Ambrose Serle, Esq.*

The Awakened Sinner.

I would not for a moment detract from the guilt of hardened and stupid impenitence, nor do I know of a condition more awful, than that of him who goes to the bar of God from the long unbroken slumbers of spiritual death. And yet there is one view in which the sinner presents a spectacle more odious, and stands charged with higher criminality. He is in the midst of a flood of light, which sends no rays into the prison-house of the careless and secure. On his soul there beams new lustre from the throne of a forgiving Father. To his vision is revealed the cross of Christ, with a glory encircling it; such as the world cannot behold, and the meek sufferer seems to fix on him an eye of peculiar fondness. Voices of unwonted eloquence blend themselves with the voice of his conscience, when the Spirit and the bride at this solemn hour, whisper their persuative invitation. Sin no longer wears its flattering and attractive garb. Hell sends in its notes of warning, and bids him seize the present instant. On which side soever he turns, he beholds a beckoning hand, and hears a beseeching voice. And yet he sins. He is an *awakened* sinner—but an awakened *sinner*. Oh! is not this guilt—is it not madness? Is it not an insult to the thorne of grace, and the cross of Christ, that unveil to him their matchless spendors? Is it not a new thron in the Savior's crown, or a new nail in his hands and feet? Is it not fighting against the gracious Spirit of God? Is it not planting of the soul, in the midst of all that could allure or urge, only to show the desperate obstinacy of its sin, and to heap upon itself new measures of the wrath of God?—*W. B. Homer.*

CHRIST'S COMPASSION.—The Father sent the Son, but equally true is it that the Son came of his own free will. When the sacred Three consulted in reference to man's redemption—when it was asked who shall go as Redeemer, the Son, the second person in the Trinity, offered himself. Behold then this same Being veiled in flesh. He has come to make himself an offering for sin—he has left the bosom of his Father and the glory of heaven, because his heart overflows with pity for man. Amazing love! how great the condescengion! From the throne of the universe he comes down to earth! No tongue can tell, no pen describe, the emotions of love, which the Savior felt.

"He saw our race in ruin lie,
And pity brought him down."

In leaving heaven, he left honor; the hosts above bowed to him and delighted to reverence him as their King, and were swift to do his will. He came on no errand of ambition—

"Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love."

Sinner, behold the Lamb of God. To-day he invites you to look unto him. Listen to his alluring language. I am the only begotten of the Father—I descended from the celestial abode—leaving the glory which was eternally mine—and condescended to endure poverty, pain, reproach for you. Hear my proclamations of love and mercy. See in me the greatest pledge of the Father's tender regard. Yon flaming sword demanded your blood—but I am come to give it mine. I am the promised Messiah. To me the types and shadows of ancient times all referred. Abraham and Jacob, Moses and David, Daniel and Isaiah, and all the prophets of the Lord expected my coming; and lo, at the appointed season I appeared on the earth. For you I wept, prayed, suffered, and bled. Behold me as the only refuge for the soul—I can save, and I can destroy.

Sinner, can you slight these calls from Christ? Can you neglect his unbounded kindness?

"Ye souls that are wounded, to the Savior repair,
Now he calls you in mercy, and can you forbear?"

Preparation for Hearing the Gospel

1. Cultivate day by day a simplicity of heart and humility, and proper regard for the precious word of God.

2. Compose your mind on Saturday evening or night for the solemn exercises of the holy Sabbath.

3. On Sabbath morning rise early. Let secret prayer and meditation be your first exercise.

4. Keep in a still and uniform frame all the Sabbath. Read little except the Bible; relish and digest what you do read. But,

5. Take care that this is all done in a sweet and easy way; make no toil or task out of the service of God. Do all freely and cheerfully, without violent effort.

6. Keep your heart with all diligence as you go to the house of God; look not hither and thither unnecessarily, lest your mind be distracted and your devotion lost. Much less look about the sanctuary, for this is a mark of disregard.

7. Ask, either at home or in the sanctuary, for God's blessing upon yourself, the preacher and all the hearers.

8. When you retire after service, remember your obligation to God for having heard his word, and your responsibility for its improvement. Remember the perishing heathen, and ask that the gospel may speedily be preached unto every creature.

9. During the Sabbath, refain from remarks of any kind on the preaching; and from censorious remarks refrain always, except when and where duty may call for them.

10. Digest what you hear, and do it, which will be the best preparation for the next Sabbath, if you should live to see it.

Thus shall your Sabbaths fit you for an everlasting rest in heaven; and the manna on which you feed in the wilderness of this world shall sustain you, until you are permitted to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the "paradise of God;" which may God in his infinite mercy grant, through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom be the glory in the church for ever. Amen.—*Schauffler.*

The Fulton Street Meeting.

An interesting feature of the daily prayer-meetings in Fulton street is their thoroughly social character. They are held in a building three stories in hight, upon each floor of which is a room capable of holding two or three hundred persons, so that when all the rooms and halls are filled, as they are at twelve o'clock every day, about a thousand persons are assembled under one roof for prayer. If such a multitude were gathered in the body of the church, the meeting would of necessity assume a formal character. It would be more difficult to speak and to hear, and there would be more need of guidance to make sure that all things were done decently and in order.

But when the same number of persons are distributed in three rooms, each meeting maintains a social character, and is as quiet and orderly as any prayer-meeting in a conference room or in a private parlor. Persons who daily resort to these rooms grow familiar with each other. There is a liberty of utterance in prayer and in exhortotion, which is both natural and appropriate. Cases of special interest can be mentioned in such meetings for encouragement or for prayer, with a freedom which could hardly be indulged in a great assembly. The hearts of Christians thus flow together without restraint, and their prayers and praises mingle with delightful harmony. It may help strangers to realize the peculiarity of the present work of grace in New York, if they understand that the meetings referred to are free from all formality and display, and proceed with the quietness, the freedom, and the sympathy of a well-ordered church prayer-meeting. The promptness and brevity of the exercises—which circumstances necessitate—would be a great improvement in all regular church-meetings.

Choice Recollections.

Memory often brings before me, with soothing and sacred recollections, the scene of our domestic worship; where we bent the knee together morning and evening, in the small low parlor; where we all joined in the sweet songs, framed by a Christian's hand; and read, one in turn, from the Sacred Book before us. True, the tear will come, as I think of the scene now past forever; true it is, that when a member of that band, I loved not as I now should love, an act so sacred; but yet, I am always soothed and refreshed as I turn me to those hours of my childhood. Again I see that kind and tender father—I hear him ask that God would guide his little ones;—fondly as he loves them, he may soon leave them to go on alone, but may a Father in Heaven guard and defend them. I hear him ask that Jesus' smile may rest upon each, and upon all; then if they wander homeless, friendless, and alone, there will be found a balm for their sorrows, in the love of a Savior." And then again in accents warmer and more fond; "give them all a home in thy brighter kingdom; father and mother, brothers and sisters may they all meet there; may all be found jewels in the crown of our Redeemer." I hear him read the hymn of his selection. He has told us of the bliss of the heavenly world; and now he leads in our devotions, with an eye brightening with the prospect of mingling in its joys, and a voice engaging and solemn—

Jerusalem! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me;
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace, in thee?

Or we had read of the love of Jesus, and I hear him, animated and happy, engaging in the hymn—

Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing of Jesus' lovely name,
When all things else decay.
When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the favored throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

It is the still Sabbath morning; we are gathered in the room of our devotions, and we join in worship.

Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

We may have met with trouble in our pilgrimage—sweetly consoling are the trains of thought, suggested by the evening hymn,

Let cares, like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all;

There will I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

I can almost feel the pressure of my mother's hand, as we knelt together, and my father pleaded 'that the covenant blessings of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, might rest on his little ones forever.' Then, when he prayed for us, my hand held in hers, I learned how all her wishes for her infant band, were centered here.

Then, indeed, were these wishes of a parent unheeded; then, indeed, I joined not, as I now could join in scenes so solemn; but in them there was power, which has subdued my heart. Often would the ardent petitions which arose from my father's lips, and the morning hymn he had chosen, come upon me with its gentle influence, in the scenes and temptations of the day. It has been the prayers offered around the fireside; it has been the hours of domestic worship, blessed by the Heavenly Comforter, which have allured and won me into the path of the Christian. And if the blissful spirit which then led in our devotions, now hovers around me, he has heard my oft repeated tones of gratitude, for these kind seasons. Stanzas which once had neither beauty or worth to my soul, can make me happy in my saddest moments. Sorrows, griefs, and sickness, come upon me; these lines learned in childhood, cheer and comfort. Other recollections may suffer dimness; other scenes, with more of outward pomp and majesty, may fade, and be lost in the shades of the past; but with freshness and with gladness, shall I ever turn to this brightest and most sacred spot, mid the recollections which cluster so fondly about the scenes of home. Now the twilight hour never comes, calm and soothing, or the still bright moments of the early morning, but I think of those pleasant scenes, and hie myself again among them, to feel their softening influence. Let me loose remembrance, if it must depart, of the other kindnesses of a father's love; let me forget, if needs must be, other scenes of my early days; but let this remain a green and a verdant spot in the reminiscences of childhood.

Christian parent! would you do what you can to guard and guide your child; would you do what you can, that it may be happy here, and may stand an angel in the paradise of God; make the place of your domestic worship attractive and pleasant to your child. Throw around its charms, which will allure those God has given you, to walk in the peaceful and pleasant pathway of the Christian. Let them count the hours of domestic worship, mid the dearest scenes of life. Christian parent! will not your child now and then think of the morning hymn? Of the verses which he read? Of your warm and ardent requests? And can you not, by this, do something to aid that Savior whom you love, and to make your children, the dearest objects of your affection on earth, blessed forever? It is for you, Christian parent, with the smile and the blessing of your God, to lead these little ones 'in green pastures, and beside still waters,' while on earth, and hereafter to rove together 'by the river of the water of life, clear as crystal.'

Sins against Knowledge.

There was a time when men did not know the evils occasioned by the sale of intoxicating liquors, But that time is past. Physicians of the first eminence, and in great numbers, have testified that it is dangerous and destructive—that men cannot use it as a beverage without injury—that it induces and aggravates disease—impairs reason and shortens life—and that multitudes are killed by it every year.

Jurists, too, of distinguished character, and judges, in great number, have testified that this liquor occasions a great majority of all the crimes which are committed. One says, "of eleven murders committed, all except one were occasioned by strong drink." Another says, "of eleven murders committed, all were occasioned by intemperance." Another says, "of twenty murders examined by me, all were occasioned by intemperance." And another says, "of more than two hundred murders committed in the United States in a year, nearly all had their origin in drinking."

These facts, and many others, which might be multiplied to an almost indefinite extent, are now known; and they are known to the owners of spirits. It is known, too, that hundreds of thousands have ceased to use this liquor, and that their health and comfort, and those of their families have been greatly improved—that the amount and severity of sickness has lessened—and the number of paupers, crimes, and deaths been diminished. It is known that while men continue to use this liquor, intemperance can never be prevented, and its evils never be done away. It is known, too, that it tends, when used even moderately, to hinder the efficacy of the gospel, and prevent the salvation of men, and thus to ruin them not only for time, but for eternity. All this is known, and known to the owners of spirits. And if they, notwithstanding this, not only suffer it to go abroad, but sell it to all who will buy; send it out and spread it through the community—let them know, let it be told, and let it echo through creation, that they, by Jehovah, will be held responsible at his tribunal for its effects. To the pauperism, crimes, and wretchedness—the sickness, insanity, and deaths, which it occasions—and to the ruin, temporal and eternal, they are knowingly and voluntarily accessory. And of all the obstructions which the friends of temperance now meet with, which stand in the way, and hinder the progress of that mighty movement which God has awakened, and which takes hold on the destinies of unborn millions for eternity, these men—yes, the men who traffick in spirits present the greatest.

And if this movement is ever to stop, and that deluge of fire again to roll unobstructed through the length and breadth of this land, scorching and withering, consuming and annihilating all that is fair, and lovely, and exellent, and glorious in possession and prospect, these men—the men who continue to traffic in sprits—are to bear a vast and ever-growing portion of the odium, guilt, and retribution of this tremendous ruin. They not only sin themselves, but they tempt others to sin. They stand at the fountain of death, and open streams which may roll onward after they are dead, and sweep multitudes to the world of wo.

Pres. Edwards.

Rev. George Whitefield.

Remarkable cases are related of the manner in which he impressed his hearers. The man at Exeter is an instance, who stood with stones in his pocket, and one in his hand, ready to throw at him; but he dropped it before the sermon was advanced, and going up to him, after the preaching was over, he said, "Sir, I came to hear you with an intention to break your head; but God, through your ministry, has given me a broken heart." A ship builder was once asked, what he thought of him. "Think!" he replied, "I tell you, sir, every Sunday that I go to my parish church, I can build a ship from stem to stern under the sermon: but were it to save my soul, under Mr. Whitefield, I could not lay a single plank." Hume pronounced him the most ingenious preacher he had ever heard; and said, it was worth while to go twenty miles to hear him. But, perhaps the greatest proof of his persuasive powers was, when he drew from Franklin's pocket the money which that clear, cool reasoner had determined not to give: it was for the Orphan-house at Savannah. "I did not," say the philosopher, "disapprove of the design; but as Georgia was then destitute of materials and workmen, and it was proposed to send them from Philadelphia, at a great expense, I thought it would have been better to have built the house at Philadelphia, and brought the children to it. This I advised; but he was resolute in his first project, rejected my counsel, and I therefore refused to contribute. I happened, soon after, to attend one of his senmons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket, a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded, I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper; another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket into the collector's dish, gold and all.

The manner in which he once turned a thunder storm to his purpose, has been thus narrated. Before he commenced his sermon, long, darkening columns crowned the bright, sunny sky of the morning, and swept their dull shadows over the building, in fearful augury of the storm.

His text was, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able." "See that emblem of human life," said he, pointing to a shadow that was flitting across the floor. "It passed for a moment, and concealed the brightness of heaven from our view;—but it was gone. And where will ye be, my hearers, when your lives have passed away like that dark cloud? O, my dear friends, I see thousands sitting attentive, with their eyes fixed on the poor, unworthy preacher. In a few days, we shall all meet at the judgement seat of Christ. We shall form a part of that assembly that will gather before the throne; and every eye will behold the Judge. With a voice whose call you must abide and answer, he will inquire whether on earth ye strove to enter in at the strait gate; whether you were supremely devoted to God; whether your hearts were absorbed in him. My blood runs cold when I think how many of you will then seek to enter in, and shall not be able. O, what plea can you make before the Judge of the whole earth? Can you say it has been your whole endeavor to mortify the flesh, with its affections and lusts? that your life has been one long effort to do the will of God? No; you must answer, I made myself easy in the world by flattering myself that all would end well; but I have deceived my own soul, and am lost.

"You, O false and hollow Christian, of what avail will it be that you have done many hings; that you have read much in the sacred word; that you have made long prayers; that you have attended religious duties, and appeared holy in the eyes of men? What will all this be, if, instead of loving Him supremely, you have been supposing you should exalt yourself in heaven by acts really polluted and unholy?

"And you, rich man, wherefore do you hoard your silver? wherefore count the price you have received for him whom you every day crucify in your love of gain? Why, that, when you are too poor to buy a drop of cold water, your beloved son may be rolled in hell in his chariot; pillowed and cushioned around him."

His eyes gradually lighted up, as he proceeded, till, towards the close, it seemed to sparkle with celestial fire.

"O, sinners!" he exclaimed, "by all your hopes of happiness, I beseech you to repent. Let not the wrath of God be awaken. Let not the fires of eternity be kindled against you. See here!" said he, pointing to the lightning, which played on the corner of the pulpit—"'Tis a glance from the angry eye of Jehovah! Hark!" continued he, raising his finger in a listening attitude, as the distant thunder grew louder and louder, and broke in one tremendous crash over the building. "It was the voice of the Almighty as he passed by in his anger!"

As the sound died away, he covered his face with his hands, and knelt beside his pulpit, apparently lost in inward and intense prayer. The storm passed rapidly away, and the sun, bursting forth in his might, threw across the heavens a magnificent arch of peace. Rising, and pointing to the beautiful object, he exclaimed, "Look upon the rainbow, and praise him that made it. Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heavens about with glory; and the hands of the Most High have bended it."

The Sabbath.

How many interesting and delightful associations are connected with the day. It is the day which commemorates God's resting from his work of creation; and this is urged as the reason why we should rest from earthly toil and labor. In view of the rest it enjoins from all our earthly cares, it is a blessed institution. So all experience and observation prove. The laborer, the merchant, the lawyer, and all of all callings, are by it refreshed and invigorated for prosecuting their wonted business; when but for it, tired, exhausted nature would faint and fail. One day out of seven, set apart to be held as sacred time, is a merciful appointment for our bodies, as well as our souls. But for the rest, and the conservative influence of this day, the world would run mad.

The day also commemorates the resurrection of our Redeemer. He arose form the grave—was declared to be the Son of God with power, and so gave conclusive evidence of his divine character and mission—and as oft as this day returns, we are reminded of this fact, so animating to our faith and so consoling to our hopes. We believe that if Jesus be raised from the dead, so shall all who sleep in him be raised and be conformed to him.

We rest on this day from bodily toil—but more than on the other days of the week, we are called to enter into the spiritual service of the Lord. In imitation of the first disciples, we meet for the worship of God, we read and hear his word. We have our fellowship with the saints, and more than all, with the Father and the Son. A day spent in the courts of the Lord's house is better than a thousand.

How many are the benefits connected with the religious observance of this day? We are instructed, animated, comforted on it. We are anew fortified against temptation, and prepared to encounter a wicked and perishing world. We are reminded of the rapidity with which we are borne to the end of our Sabbaths, and to the retributions which follow. Soon the last shall come—the last sermon be preached and heard—and account sealed for eternity. The Christian, by the rest of this day, and the holy duties to which he is called, is led to anticipate that Sabbath of rest, which, the apostle says, remaineth for the people of God. If our earthly Sabbaths be so full of interest, what may we not expect that Sabbath will be, when we shall worship in the temple not made with hands, and when we shall see Jesus, and be made perfect in holiness. If the Sabbath on the earth be so precious, and so full of blessings, what will not the Sabbath be which shall run parallel with eternity. If it be sweet on the one to think of what Jesus has done for us, what will it be to enter on the full fruition on the other? If sanctified affections endear to us the worship we hold on it, with our friends, how much more delightful will it be to reunite with our sainted friends, in the heavenly worship which shall never terminate?

The Sabbath, we say, is a most blessed institution. So all Christians find it. We hail its return. On it, more than on any other day, we come nearest to heaven. Then let us cherish it, religiously observe it, and seek to promote its observance by all around us. How much do they lose, who neglect and profane this holy day! What guilt do they contract, by breaking an express command of Heaven! But what blessings do they renounce—how the forego influences which might lead them to life! Unhappy they—guilty, blind, hardened, wretched they—who make this a day of business, diversion, feasting, and the like. Their Sabbaths will soon be past, and they haste to a place where abused Sabbaths can never be recalled, nor their slighted mercies ever be regained. Earthly Sabbaths spent profanely, more than any thing, indicates that a soul will fall short of the great salvation of the gospel, and sink into predition at the last.—*Chr. Int.*

The Prayer Meeting.

The way to kill a prayer meeting is to make it conventional, and the chief secret of conducting it so that it shall minister to edification is to force people out of conventional ways; to break up hereditary and stereotyped unwritten forms of prayer; to keep off those impertinent moths called exhorters, that fly about the flame of rising feeling; to charm men into forgetfulness of the machinery of the meeting; and to make them talk artlessly, naturally, and sensibly.

But above all, let all pretence, all mock solemnity and devotion, be put away. Let no man suffer himself to *appear* to his brethren to be what he is *not*; for this is part of the injunction, "Let every man speak truth with his neighbor." If this rule be not observed, and the frequent tendencies to violate it be not corrected, the prayer meetings will degenerate, and people will lose first all profit and then all interest in them.

The *speaking* in prayer meetings should be conversational, and so, natural. The words spoken should flow naturally from the heart's experience, or else it were better to be silent. Usually, however, when a man has nothing to say, he gets up and exhorts sinners to repent; or another, whose heart is empty, informs the church that they are very cold, and live far beneath their privileges. Such prayers or exhortations may be very glib and fluent, but they are as dry of sap or juice as last year's corn husks. They are not only profitless, but damaging. On the contrary, there are oftentimes prayers, humble, timid, half-inaudible, the utterances of uncultured lips, that may cut a poor figure as lecture-room literature, that are nevertheless not to be scornfully disdained. If a child may not talk at all till he can speak fluent English, he will never learn. There should be a process, going on continually, of education, by which all the members of the church should be able to contribute of their experiences and gifts; and, in such a course of development, the first hesitating, stumbling, ungrammatical prayer of a confused Christian may be worth more to the church than the best prayer of the most eloquent pastor. The *prayer* may be but little; but it is not a little thing that a church has one more man to pray than it had before.

The *conductor* of a prayer meeting should have a distinct conception of what such a meeting is to be and to do; and as it is a mutual instruction class, a place for religious feeling to take the social element, his chief duty should be to draw out the timid, to check the obtrusive, to encourage simple and true speaking, and to apply religious truths to those wants, and struggles, and experiences, which are freely mentioned there.—*Independent.*

POWER OF KINDNESS.—"Many years since, there lived a poor machanic, eminent for his pious zeal and consistency. He was very much tried by the conduct of a neighbor, who was in the habit of cutting his wood for the week on the Lord's day, and the sound of whose axe continually disturbed the old Christian's meditations. Father H., as he was called, often remonstrated earnestly and kindly with his neighbor; but without any effect. At length he adopted a different course. On Saturday afternoon his neighbor found the old man very busy at his wood pile, and inquired, in astonishment, what he was doing.

'Why,' replied father H., 'you will persist in cutting your wood on God's holy day, and is grieves me so much, that I mean to do it for you this afternoon, so that you will have no temptation to do it to-morrow.'

The man was at once overcome, and exclaimed, 'No, you shall not; I will do it myself. Nor will you ever after this have reason to complain of my chopping wood on the Lord's day.' And he was true to his word."

The Weekly Pacific.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
RELIGION, EDUCATION AND GENERAL NEWS.

Rev. I. H. Brayton and Rev. S. V. Blakeslee, Editors.

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNINGS,
At the Office South West Corner Clay and Sansome Streets,
BY WHITTON, TOWNE & CO., PRINTERS,

TERMS.—For one year, payable in advance,.....$5.00
For Six Months, payable in advance,.....2.50
Five Copies,.....20.00

ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted at low rates.

☞ All Letters relating to the business affairs of the paper should be addressed to the Publishers; and those regarding the editorial department to Rev. I. H. Brayton.

SAN FRANCISCO:
THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 22, 1858.

THINGS DESIRABLE AND POSSIBLE.

The daily prayer meetings in this city have already become matters of public remark, not only here, but throughout the State. A part of the interest which attaches to them comes from the knowledge that it is in connection with similar meetings in other parts of our land, that the most surprising results have been realized. Meetings of this nature have been the *central points* of all the deep religious interest that has pervaded the country. The preaching of revivalists, and of others, has been no prominent part of the instrumentality. Denominations and phases of doctrine have not been known. Business men, without distinction or recognition of their ecclesiastical positions, have met together, at points accessible from their places of business, and with the directness, earnestness, and energy of business men, have aimed directly at and attained the ends which they sought. The Spirit of God pervaded the assemblies thus unusually composed and appointed. Church leaders were wise enough to follow the leadings of Providence, without interposing diverting means, however honored heretofore. As the prayer meetings overflowed, their number was multiplied. Scarcely any of the churches have had other preaching services than the ordinary appointments of the Sabbath. The interest began, grew and centered around the places of prayer, opened in the very hearts of cities, where earnest men resorted to implore the blessing of God, and where such bear their soul-felt testimony to those who, in time, were attracted to meet with them. There is thus no parade of means, no impertinent intrusion of human instrumentality. God has thus honored Himself as at Jerusalem in the day of Pentecost, by pouring out His Spirit where His people meet together with one accord for prayer.

In the same way a meeting has been opened in this city. A few Christian men, desiring that the blessing of God should be bestowed here also, met for prayer. A simultaneous desire animated the minds of many, as tidings came from the East, of what God had been pleased to do, almost through the extent of the land. Such prayer, so far as it was sincere, pure, earnest, and importunate, could not be in vain. The Spirit of God has been manifestly present here; Christians have mingled confessions with their supplications; impenitent men have felt upon them the spell of an unwonted influence; and tears have fallen from eyes unused to weep. Whether this is all, whether this shall be but the beginning of large and blessed results, must depend upon the faithfulness of Christians in prayer and in labor.

In surveying the field around us, some have found cause for despair. To those who have known the past history of this community, who know the materials of which it is made up, who remember how Mammon has ruled his mad votaries so many years, it has seemed impossible that these dry bones may live; that the convictions of youth may come up again like a flood over the waste of this intensely worldly life. A people thus educated as this, is not expected to reject the outward forms and name of Christianity. As in times past, so now, religious interest may be expected to exhibit itself in some particular church, and struggle, like a flame kindled in wet fuel, to extend, but in vain. A general, all-pervading revival, bearing down, with crushing force, upon the dominions of darkness, commanding respect and awakening awe in all minds, bringing crowds of careless and godless ones to repentance, doing unexpected work, arresting here and there the most seemingly hardened, and bringing them, along with the moral and reputable, to the feet of a common Savior, and into the circle of a blessed and everlasting brotherhood, thrilling, and thrilling again, as with electric shocks, an awakened community, inaugurating a reformation that is beyond everything political or revolutionary, changing the habits and affinities of men forever, changing the town, and filling it with songs of rejoicing;—nor stopping here, but pervading the State with new thoughts, sending a quickened pulse through all the system, revealing mines of wealth in human hearts that before were dull as clay, sending all men to seek a treasure that *satisfieth* and that all alike may possess, a revival and reformation of the State, the tidings of which should peal from hill to hill, the results of which should clothe our State with a social beauty which comes only from a baptism of heart-loved religion, the remembrance of which should rejoice us as long as we live here, and through eternity.—Oh, such a revival and reformation, there are few we fear, who have the faith to expect or ask for. The *desirableness* of such a blessing from God, none can doubt—let us give a few reasons which may place it within reach of our faith:

1. The work is not of man, otherwise we might borrow discouragements from the character and habits of this people. Under the influence of the Spirit of God, often the most ungodly communities, and the most seemingly hopeless characters are awakened. The once impious John Newton was convicted under circumstances most unlikely. Not to go back for examples, all have heard how, in the recent revival at the East, Gardner, the prize-fighter, has become, evidently, a changed man. Men who go to scoff, often remain to pray, where the Spirit is prevalent. We recall the instance of the company of mutineers, who made their abode on Pitcairn's Island, and among whom a work of grace was wrought. God is "no respecter of persons" in the bestowment of His reclaiming mercy, more than He is in the inflictions of retribution. He honors Himself by bestowing His free grace, for Christ's sake, upon the most unworthy; He shows His abhorrence for sin by punishing, for its sake, the best of the incorrigibly impenitent. We remember that the great work of Whitefield began among the colliers of England. We are not to limit the Holy One. He can bring to this people a religious reformation. It is easy for Him to fill the minds of men throughout the State with a sense of the reality of eternal things, of the infinite concern which men have in the offers of salvation, and with a desire to secure the favor of God before the night of death shuts down upon each individual life. He can lead souls in crowds to Christ, and fill our borders with a thoroughly Christian people.

2. And after all, an extensive religious interest here may be as probable as in a community differently circumstanced. We have here an open-hearted people, despising hypocrisy, but appreciative of anything that is genuine. In general, they have been too true to their convictions to adopt any of the shallow creeds of unbelief, for the sake of excusing their excesses. Let the Spirit of God come down upon these manly hearts, and multitudes, who have long strayed from the right, may return. It is true that the grace of God alone can reach them, but we do not know that in themselves they are more hopeless than the self-righteous moralists who have never sinned so much, solely because they were never so much tempted.

3. There being, then, no reason lying in our peculiar condition to constitute us an *exception*, the prevalence of a general work of grace in our country should encourage us to expect and pray for it here. It is a time of encouragement. God has a mind to work wherever His people arise and call upon Him. Men have been stirred up to prayer. We are in close sympathy with our common country, which has been so much blessed. The intelligence which comes, has a *personal* interest, and awakens thought in thousands of minds, and is made, no doubt, the means of conviction to many. Let the people of the whole State, then, unite in invoking the blessing of God. The manner in which this reformation has arisen and advanced, is peculiarly encouraging to those communities in our State, which do not enjoy the regular preaching of the gospel. It is in their power to appoint *prayer meetings* where united supplication shall be made. Let this be done; and if we are sincere in asking for the religious reformation of our entire State, we may obtain even so great an end as this.

THE DAILY PRAYER MEETINGS.

The daily meetings which have been held in this city for somewhat more than two weeks, have grown to be interesting and important. At first they were appointed to be held in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. The first meeting was on Monday the 5th inst., when seventeen persons attended. The succeeding Monday the meetings were appointed to be held in the Pine Street Baptist church, an accessible and convenient place for the purpose. The cause of seeking this larger house was that greater numbers attended than could well be accommodated at the former place of meeting. The attendance is now such that the church is full, and a larger place may have to be provided. The hour of holding the meeting is from 12 to 1. A smaller prayer meeting is attended at the same place at 8 o'clock in the morning. The exercises of the meeting are enlivened by variety and are impressive through the seriousness and earnestness of those who take part; and,—to those who recognize the Divine presence,—deeply solemn by reason of the manifest influences of the Holy Spirit. All classes are represented in the attendance. Those who are not religious pay respectful attention; and portions of the audience are frequently moved to tears at the soul-felt recitals of some who speak or when prayers are asked by some parent for a child, or, as in some instances, by persons for themselves. No scenes of uncontrolled excitement are exhibited. But, on the contrary, when men in the ardor of their interest have been borne into manifestations partaking of enthusiasm, they have both checked themselves and shown a tender regard for those in whose minds religion is best associated with quiet solemnity. Men who stand high in public confidence and fill important positions in business or in public life, have borne earnest testimony to their estimate of religion. The sober statements of these, —men commanding the confidence of all,—could not have failed to impress themselves upon business men who listened to their words.

Some scenes of peculiar interest have occurred. One young man stated his determination to be a Christian, by the grace of God; and said that by the last steamer he had received a letter from a praying mother, in which the confident expectation was expressed that the news of his conversion was on its way to her.

The Spirit of God can create "truth in the inward parts," in the very recesses of the soul. One man stated that he had committed a sin, years ago, which he had not the opportunity to confess in the community where he sinned, but which he wished to acknowledge here. His fault was a public one and such his acknowledgement should be. He sinned against society, violated the laws of social life; and he spoke of his sorrow that it might perhaps benefit some who are here living in sin, away from their families, violating the laws which God wisely appointed. The sympathies of the heart are often deeply moved; and occasionally some one is seen to be weeping with violent emotion.

All is earnest and impressive. Christians, strangers in the city, who have attended, have wept for joy at the scene which that room of daily prayer presents: yet whether results commensurate with all this promise and with our hopes shall be realized, depends upon the faith of Christians and upon their desire to see the salvation of God; and it remains yet to be seen. We have reason to be thankful and hopeful; but we have reason also to prostrate ourselves before the throne of the heavenly grace and to implore an abundant outpouring of the Spirit, to the honor of God's name now and in the years and ages to come.

Death of a Missionary.—Intelligence has been recently received of the death of the wife of Rev. H. F. Williams, a missionary at Mosul. She was a daughter of Rev. Sewall Harding, of Boston. In announcing this event, Rev. Dwight W. Marsh writes thus to one of the editors of the *Independent*, in a letter dated Mosul, Monday, Dec. 28, 1857:

"Oh, Brother, weep with us now, for youth and beauty and loveliness have fallen! One month only in Mosul, and our longed-for sister, Mrs. Harriet Harding Williams, (already our friend beforehand, as the sister of our missionary companion, Mrs. Walker, of Diarbekir) has taken her flight to that blessed abode where there is no night, no pain, no grief, no sin.

* * * * * * * *

"She was unwell at Diarbekir, but very well during the nine days' journey down the Tigris. She arrived here November 25th, and within a week was seized with an incurable bilious diarrhea. She had the tenderest care. We hoped and we feared. She could not stay. She was ever cheerful, and expressed herself ready and willing to go. She never knew the heats of Mosul, and yet she is gone, and has left us gazing after her up into heaven. She died December 25th, on Christmas day.

"Pray for us, and ask the churches to pray for this sorrowing mission.

"Your sorrowing brother,
"Dwight W. Marsh."

Dr. N. W. Taylor.—The late Dr. Taylor, Dwight Professor in New Haven Theological Seminary, recently deceased, died in the 72d year of his age. He was for ten years a pastor in New Haven, and occupied his professorship for thirty-five years. The following notice is from the *N. Y. Evangelist*:

Nearly seven hundred students passed under his instructions, who are now scattered throughout every part of our country and in heathen lands, many of them occupying eminent positions in the church. Through their preaching will be spread the influence of their preceptor. Thus the power of a great mind extends far beyond the immediate circle around it.

He was a noble specimen of a man. His heart was large and kind. In his family he was a most affectionate husband and father; while in the city where he had resided for half a century, he was warmly and universally beloved. His piety was simple and childlike. He looked up to God with filial reverence and undoubting trust.

The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Bacon, who has filled that honored pulpit, from the time that Dr. Taylor retired from it. "He spoke of the deceased as the last of that illustrious dynasty commencing with the elder Edwards, and following through Hopkins, the younger Edwards, Smalley, and Emmons, who were the great lights of the peculiar theology of New England. In concluding, he alluded to the wish of Dr. Taylor that he should die during a revival of religion, which, unknown perhaps to himself, was now gratified."

And then, with solemn step and slow, they bore him to the house appointed for all the living.

To the Hon. D. C. Broderick we are indebted for Public Documents.

Absurdity of Unbelief.—The infidel Olin, says "Man is also a child of the warm and shallow parts of the sea. It is possible that man has only originated on one spot, and that, indeed, the highest mountain in India. It is even possible that only one favored moment was granted, in which men could arise. A definite mixture of water, definite heat of blood, and definite influence of light, must concur to his production, and this has probably been the case only in a certain spot, and at a certain time. The deluge cast up the first men. They were littoral inhabitants; no doubt, carniverous, as savages still are." We can but pity the subterfuges of such men. Rather than believe in a Great Mind, the Parent of men's minds, they will debase their nature, by ascribing their origin to the slime of the sea, and the warmth of a sunny day. With reference to such men, Robert Hall exclaims: "Eternal God! on what are thine enemies intent? What are those enterprises of guilt and horror that for the safety of their performers require to be enveloped in a darkness which the eye of Heaven must not pierce? Miserable men! Proud of being the offspring of chance; in love with universal disorder; whose happiness is involved in the belief of there being no witness to their designs, and who are at ease only because they suppose themselves inhabitants of a forsaken and fatherless world"! They must have done violence to their nature, who not only fail to perceive the innumerable evidences of a God, but who, also, in place of the natural desire of the heart to find and know God, have substituted the mad desire to disprove His existence. Most thinking men not only are forced, but also delight to say with the poet,

"Not a path of thought I tread,
But that it leads to God."

New Banking House in San Francisco. We are happy to learn that Mark Brumagim & Co., bankers, of Marysville, will open a banking house in this city, about the first of May. Their location will be the Brannan Building, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co. Besides the old members of the firm, Messrs. John H. Jewett and Peter Decker, well-known business men of Marysville, have become interested in the House, which is one of the strongest and most reliable in the State; having been established in 1850, and having withstood safely every financial crisis. The six partners are all moneyed men, and men of business experience. The House in Marysville is continued, and we understand it is not the desire of the parties to do a large business in this city at present. The House here will be conducted by Mr. Mark Brumagim, Mr. Cheeseman, and Mr. J. W. Brumagim, who will also be a partner after his return from the East.

Capt. S. G. Moore.—We are happy to have met, in this city, Capt. Moore, late commander of the "Morning Star," on his return to the East, by way of the Isthmus. The Captain has been superceded, doubtless, under entire misapprehension on the part of the American Board: it is supposed partly under the representations of his former first officer, whom he discharged at Rio. Capt. Moore was recommended to the Board for the position to which he was appointed, among others, by the Messrs. Harper, and by David Hoadley, Esq. The papers of Honolulu, and likewise private letters, assure us that he bears the united testimony of all who have known him at the Islands, and upon his voyage to the Islands, and subsequent voyages, to his ability and fidelity as a commander, and his excellence as a man and Christian. The earnest desire is entertained that he may be restored to the position in which he commanded such universal confidence and esteem. We have, in the *Commercial Advertiser*, the report of Capt. Moore, of the voyage of the Morning Star to the Micronesian Islands, from which we intend to make some extracts next week.

Departures.—Among those who have left us by the last steamer, are J. Johnson, Esq., and family, of this city,—John H. Jewett, Esq., formerly Mayor of Marysville, John W. Brumagim, Esq., and Mr. Daniel Brumagim, also of Marysville. We have been indebted to the latter for occasional communications in the *Pacific*, which we hope may be continued now that he has returned to his college life.

An Editress Gone.—The departure to Australia of Mrs. Cora Anna Weekes, the late Editress of the *Athenæum*, has given rise to some merriment. Two or three letters have appeared, purporting to be her farewell to the subscribers who had paid their money in advance. It is suggested that she has gone to Australia, to elevate the literary taste of the inhabitants of the colonies. Added to all this, a word of serious reflection is appropriate. It is a healthy public sentiment which visits such merited retribution upon any one violating the principles of honesty in authorship. This lesson, and the exposure of J. Q. A. W., of the California *Farmer*, may tend, and we hope they will tend in the future, to prevent the repetition of this kind of fraud.

Great Worth.—That which is made to endure forever, must have inherent value. We do not preserve about ourselves, things which have no worth, either intrinsic, or as relics. And so we may reason, that God has not made the soul of man an immortal thing, which must always exist in His sight, dependent upon His care, unless he made it to be a precious thing, endued with great capacities. The immortality of the soul is the consequence, not the cause of its value. God made it so precious that he stamped it with immortality, while he permits everything beautiful upon the earth to perish; and the very world itself is not an immortal thing. What folly to risk the eternal welfare of that which is so precious! "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul!"

Instructive Fact.—The late Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta, says, in his "Evidences of Christianity," it is a remarkable fact, that some of the most distinguished of modern Infidels never sustained those relations in domestic life which tend most to develope the social affections. Hobbes, Hume, Voltaire, Rosseau, and Paine, were instances of this kind.

The American Sunday School Union.—This Society, which suffered so seriously through the defalcation of Mr. Porter, has been happily relieved by the liberality of its Managers, who have, among themselves, raised the whole amount, $40,000, to which they were able to reduce the indebtedness growing out of the defalcation.

Paying Poetry.—Newspaper editors receive a great deal of poetry that does not *pay*. Here is a scrap sent to the editors of the New York *Evangelist*, which certainly paid. It was from an old subscriber, and accompanied his yearly remittance:

"You'll find enough of money here
To pay for your paper another year.
I have waited some time for Mr. Ritter,
But he's not appeared, and I think it is fitter
To send the money at once, by mail;
For Mr. Ritter may possibly fail
To come to our place at all this season.
And his not coming should not be a reason
Why I should delay to send you your pay,
Which you have well earned, I am happy to say.
May you write so the Master we serve shall commend,
Is the prayer and the wish of your far distant friend."

The Fair.—Visit the Fair at the Mechanics' Pavilion. It is given by the Ladies' Seamen's Friend Society. The object is to sustain the Seamen's Home, and make it one of our most useful institutions. The ladies issue a daily paper at the Pavilion.

Gov. Weller and the Gamblers.—Gov. Weller has vetoed the bill which was intended to be a relief to the gamblers. There is a man in our office who saw Col. Weller when he was Military Governor of Monterey, Mexico, summarily compel a gambler to restore sixty dollars which he had just won. The Governor is still down on the gamblers.

NOTICES OF THE REVIVAL.

We select a few brief items of the rivival intelligence, which however give but a small idea of the actual extent of the work.

The Boston *Congregationalist* says:

The religious interest in Boston is evidently deeper and more general than one week since. The prayer meetings in both rooms of the Old South Chapel, both morning and noon, are filled to overflowing, as also is the one at Park Street vestry, at three in the afternoon. At some of these meetings the press has been so great that the vestibule and outside steps have been crowded by those vainly attempting an entrance.

New Bedford.—A reporter for the secular press has gathered with care the statements of pastors, and makes the number of apparent conversions in New Bedford, *six hundred*. The African churches are sharing extensively in the work.

Newburyport.—The work of grace in Newburyport, extends to all the evangelical churches in the city, and it is still in progress. It is the unanimous testimony of older Christians that it exceeds in extent and power any previous revival in that community. Persons most familiar with the character of the work, estimate the number of hopeful conversions at from *five to six hundred*. Many who for years have but seldom visited the sanctuary, are now seen regularly at the place of prayer, and not a few of this class already give evidence of a saving change. Quite a number of the hopeful converts are those who were either skeptics, or infidels, or openly hostile to evangelical piety.

Worcester.—It is thought that 250 cases, or more, of conversion, have taken place in the twelve evangelical societies, and the work of God is evidently gaining in power at the present time. The revival has extended, in a greater or less degree, to nearly all the churches in Worcester County.

Gambler Converted.—The *Christian Era* of Boston gives an account of the very remarkable conversion of a gambler at Uxbridge. "While sitting at the table with the cards in his hands, he was smitten almost like Saul of Tarsus. He could neither hold his cards, nor play the game. His companions urged him to take another glass of liquor, to quiet his nerves. He refused; and, leaving them at their games, he started at once for home," and found no peace until he felt an inward evidence of forgiveness.

The Hartford Religious *Herald* learns "on good authority," that in one of the villages in Simsbury, there is not an adult to be found, who has not been converted. The Hartford *Courant* says of Connecticut, that "it would be easier to specify the towns free from a revival influence, than to enumerate those which enjoy it."

At Albany, quite a number of conversions have occurred in the Penitentiary. A union prayer meeting is held in the Pearl Street church, from 12 to 1 o'clock. At Yonkers, N. Y., 200 are numbered among the converts. At Poughkeepsie, the greater part of a fire company has been converted. At Hudson, the people come to the daily union prayer meeting in flocks, and the scene is represented as one of great and unusual solemnity. Revivals are also in progress in various other places along the river. There are now two daily prayer meetings at Schenectady, N. Y., and a large number of hopeful conversions have occurred. Union College has been blessed in a manner never before known. Places of resort has been thinned out. A union daily prayer meeting is held from 12 to 1 in Jaynes Hall, Philadelphia, and as many as 2,000 persons have some days been present. In many congregations in Philadelphia there is increasing religious interest. Rev. Albert Barnes' is among this number. Trenton, N. J., is now receiving a gracious visitation, and it is estimated that several hundred have yielded to the claims of the Gospel. It is stated that among the late converts at Newark, is Ex-Governor Pennington, and that he and a converted Roman Catholic Irish servant girl united with the First Presbyterian church on the same day. Two daily prayer meetings are now held in the city of Montreal—one at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association in the morning, and one at the American Presbyterian church in the afternoon On a recent Sabbath 71 persons were admitted to the Congregational church of which Rev. S. N. Greeley is pastor, at Grand Rapids, Michigan. A very general and powerful revival is in progress in Cleveland in the various Congregational, Baptist and Methodist societies. It has been in progress in the Congregational society for several months, and there have been a large number of conversions. At Genesee, Ill., there have been from 40 to 50 hopeful conversions in the Congregational society, and the work seems increasing from day to day. At Bedford, Mich., where not far from 30 give evidence of having passed from death unto life, the work is still progressing. At St. Anthony, Minnesota, large numbers of the business men of the place have gone, as little children, to the feet of Jesus and asked and received his blessing. In Beloit, Wis., there is a revival whose influence is being felt on the college. The venerable Peter Cartwright has been preaching at Jacksonville, Ill., and over 200 converts are reckoned. At Jacksonville, Iowa, 300 persons have joined the churches. Twenty-seven colored converts were baptized in the Sciota river, at Columbus, Ohio, on a recent Sunday.

New York City.—The New York *Independent* says:

The work here, although it has spread rapidly from church to church, has not taken on the character of impetuosity or of excitement, but of a moderate, quiet, and well-regulated enthusiasm; and this fact perhaps furnishes a hope that the revival may be of long continuance, and that its power may be still more deeply and widely felt, not only in this city, but in all parts of the country. It does not seem to be short-lived anywhere, but on the contrary the churches that were most early blessed are still among those that are most revived. The fires that were first kindled are still burning as bright as ever.

In New York and Brooklyn the number of union meetings that are held daily, and always crowded, has reached nearly twenty. Of these, the first established is that held at noon in the old North Dutch church in Fulton street; but this is now by far from being the largest. It is attended by as large a congregation as the Consistory Building can accommodate, which is perhaps short of a thousand; but since the Methodist church in John street has been thrown open for a similar meeting, at the same hour, not less than two thousand persons have daily assembled during business hours, in a single building, for the solemn exercise of prayer. The meetings in John street are somewhat more brisk and animated than those in Fulton. The time allowed for one person is shorter, being only three minutes, either for remark or for prayer, and the leader touches a spring-bell to call to order any one who overgoes his time.

Sunday was a day of unusual interest in some of the churches in this city. The weather was somewhat unfavorable for a large attendance, yet most of them were crowded. The largest accession of new members was to the Presbyterian church in Thirteenth street, of which Rev. Dr. Burchard is pastor; *one hundred and thirteen* persons united on profession of faith, in addition to which several were received by letters from other churches.

These which are all we are able here to give, are but a *specimen* of the accounts which reach us in our exchanges. They are given with great thankfulness to God—and we humbly hope that the good work will go on and fill our land, and prove itself not a *revival* merely but a *reformation*.

We are indebted to the *Congregationalist* for most of the following items of general intelligence:

The foreign papers report the winter to be very severe in various parts of Europe. In Scotland, a man on his way to his wedding was lost in the deep snow, and when found was frozen to death, within a mile of the residence of his bride. For the first time in the present century, the river Po had been thoroughly frozen over in Italy. The unusual severity of the winter in that part of Italy, has caused great mortality. At Malta, the snow, which had not fallen since the Russian campaign of 1812, was some foot high, and accompanied with hail and tempests. At Constantinople, Feb. 20, snow had fallen for fifteen days without interruption.

It is stated that the Empress Eugenie was unexpectedly and very vigorously kissed by a stranger, on the night of the attempted assassination. A young fellow named Lajpman, a footman, was lunching in a neighboring cafe, when the explosion occurred. He went out into the crowd, and seeing how things stood, without standing upon etiquette, rushed up to the Emperor and gave him several hearty shakes of the hand, and then taking the Empress in his arms, kissed her a dozen times. In the surprise and confusion the young fellow had his own way.

The bombs used by the conspirators against the life of Napoleon, were entered at the Calais Custom House as "a case containing eighteen models of a new invention for the manufacture of gas." Five only of the bombs were used, and the anxious inquiry at Paris is, Where are the other thirteen? Is it strange that Eugenie is full of melancholy apprehensions, and that Napoleon finds but poor support in his theory of destiny.

A prisoner named Hall, in the Alton (Illinois) prison, last week Monday, knocked down the guard, a Mr. Crabb, pulled him into his cell, barred the door, and would not allow him to leave, except upon the condition that he himself should be fully liberated, threatening him with instant death if efforts were made to liberate him from without. For twenty-four hours he was thus kept, the prisoner being armed, and the other guards not being able to shoot the prisoner through the narrow opening. Finally the door was forced open, the guard sprung, but was stabbed, probably fatally, by Hall, in six places. Hall was shot, and it is thought cannot survive. It was a desperate affray.

The famously bombarded city of Sebastopol is being rapidly rebuilt. Not a few of the graves of the soldiers have been disturbed; and it would be impossible to prevent it without a large standing army, as there are in all one hundred and eighty-three burying grounds, which extend over a surface of one hundred and twenty-five versts. The amount of powder used by the Russians while the city was besieged, was estimated at 30,240,000 pounds.

It is related as a veritable fact, that on the night of the burning of the Pacific Hotel at St. Louis, a little brother of Mr. Henry Rochester, (who lost his life in the catastrophe) near Avon, N. Y., awoke some time after midnight, with screaming and tears, saying that *the hotel in St. Louis, was on fire, and that his brother Henry was burning to death.* So intense was his alarm and horror, that it was with considerable difficulty that he could be quieted.

It is stated, upon what seems reliable authority, that the managers of the American Sunday School Union have determined upon *a total abandonment of the Collecting Agency system*, as soon after the first of May as may be consistent with their obligations to those now in commission. The New York *Evangelist* has a lengthy article on this matter, and comes to the conclusion that, sooner or later, all our benevolent societies must take the same course, mainly on account of the large cost of such agencies.

The police of London have detected a new burglar's instrument of the most extraordinary description. It will cut through solid iron half an inch thick, a hole six inches in diameter. It will accomplish this feat with ease in an hour, and without making the slightest noise or sound, or without unfitting the tool for an immediate repetition of the experiment. This invention of knavery is admitted in England to be a perfect masterpiece in mechanics.

Abby Hutchinson Patten, who married a son of the Rev. Dr. Patten of New York, has rejoined the old fashioned quartette, and appears again with her brothers in public.

A case has just been tried in our Courts, in which a master and mistress were proved to have castigated a female slave till her life was almost extinct. For this offence to our laws they were fined $1,000, and sentenced to imprisonment for one year. This is right. But, for the sake of the slave, we wish the penalty had been the forfeiture of their property in her, for she may yet fall a victim to their cruel revenge, inflicted, if not by their own hands, in being sold into a harder bondage, if such were possible.—*St. Louis Presbyterian.*

Insanity.—The following statistics show that insanity exists in all countries in the ratio of drunkenness:—In Holland and Belgium the consumption of intoxicating drinks is two gallons to each individual, and there is one lunatic to every 3000 of the people; in France, the consumption is five gallons to every individual, and there is one lunatic to every 600 of the people; in Normandy, three and a half gallons, of intoxicating drinks are consumed by each individual, and one lunatic to every 750 of the people; in America, three gallons are consumed by each, and there is one lunatic to every 800 of the people; in Scotland, four gallons are consumed by each, and there is one lunatic to every 569 of the people; in Ireland, there are five and a half gallons consumed by every man, woman, and child—at least that amount in proportion to population—and there is in that country one lunatic to every 550 of the people.—*Examiner.*

MICRONESIA.

We are indebted to the Rev. P. J. Gulick, of Honolulu, for the following notice of this mission:

Honolulu, March 24, 1858.

I have recently returned from a visit to Micronesia. It was to me a delightful season. All the missionaries seemed cheerful, and happy in their work. And though they do not yet speak decidedly of converts, I think their success is as great and as obvious as was witnessed here in the same length of time, at the commencement of this mission. It is sad to think that one of the greatest obstacles to the conversion of the heathen should be, in so many places, and there among others, the conduct of men from *Christian* lands.

I doubt not that the great noise occasioned by a letter recently published upon this subject was because it was so true to life; yet there was a phrase or two that were susceptible of a construction, *viewed by themselves*, that I presume my son never intended to give them. But I believe the discussion will in the end do good.

The door, in Micronesia, seems to be wide open for the spread of the gospel. And we rejoice that Mr. Roberts and his wife are here and ready to go too, when the "Morning Star" returns from the Marquesas.

Yours respectfully, P. J. Gulick.

A Knowing Beggar.—A beggar posted himself at the door of the Chancery Court, and kept saying, "A penny, please sir! Only one penny sir, before you go in!" "And why, my man?" inquired an old country gentleman. "Because, sir, the chances are you will not have one when you come out," was the beggar's reply.—*Punch.*

One of Bishop Bloomfield's latest *bon mots* was uttered during his last illness. He inquired what had been the subjects of his two archdeacons charges, and was told that one was on the art of making sermons, and the other on churchyards. "Oh, I see," said the bishop, "composition and decomposition!"

A Union Sentiment.—The following is the concluding paragraph of Senator Seward's speech in giving his vote for the increase of the army:—

Sir, whatever may be the decision of this question, I am prepared to see the people of that region of country in which I reside still upholding the Union; and I believe that they are of the same race, the same kindred, and the same education with the people of all the other portions of this Union, and that the Union will survive not only all threats and all alarms, but all fears, and will come out triumphantly. I believe it will come out a free nation in the highest and proudest sense of the term. I expect to see this Union stand until there shall not be the footstep of a slave impressed upon the soil that it protects, although that soil will be extended, for aught I know, from the North Pole to the Caribbean sea, as it has already extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean.

Curtis' Failure.—Henry Ward Beecher delivered a lecture in Philadelphia, recently, in the place of G. W. Curtis, and made the following apology for Mr. Curtis' failure:

"With regard to Mr. Curtis' failure, he felt called upon to say that Mr. Curtis requested him to act as his substitute. It happened, however, that Mr. Curtis was blessed with one good gift, which was a wide spread reputation, and another, which was still better, a good wife, and who had on that occasion given him a son. And he would say to the audience, that if the son inherited the talents of its father, and the beauty of its mother, the world would gain in that much more than they could possibly have lost in not being allowed the privilege of hearing the father of the child on the evening proposed."

A horrible case of spontaneous combustion is reported as having recently occurred in Cairo, Ill. A man named Faxon, suffering under delirium tremens, entered a saloon and called for a glass of brandy. Immediately after drinking it his breath came in contact with a lighted match in the hand of a bystander, and instantly took fire and burnt for nearly two minutes, when death ended his tortures. The agonizing screams of the wretched man are described as having been horrible in the extreme.

A Philosophic Editor.—Geo. W. Kendall, of the New Orleans *Picayune*, writes from his sheep ranch in Texas:

I have pasturage for 20,000 sheep and any number of horses and cattle, and to see all this space covered is now what I am working for. I don't bother my mind a moment about Kinsas, Brigham Young, or politics of any kind; don't care who is President; fear God and hate the Indians; am indifferent about Walker and the devil; try to keep my feet warm and head cool, and smoke my pipe in peace with all mankind.

Quick Work.—One day last week a lady (we presume she was a lady as she was well dressed) in the vicinity of Johnstown, Pa., attended the funeral of her mother at 3 o'clock, P. M., was led to the alter a blushing bride (we presume she blushed, if she didn't she ought) at 6, just 3 hours afterwards, and now is making application for a divorce.

California Culturist.—Messrs. O. C. Wheeler and W. Wadsworth propose to publish a monthly work under this title, to be devoted to the advancement of agriculture, horticulture, mechanism, mining, and such industrial interests as are connected with these and kindred pursuits. It is understood that the proprietors intend to make the "Culturist" a publication fully equal in character as well as typographical execution, to the best periodicals published in the Atlantic States, and from the known ability of those concerned there is no doubt they will publish a work worthy the patronage of all those interested in the prosperity of California. We cordially wish them success in their enterprise.

Sheep Dogs.—The "Eli Whitney," from Sidney, brought twenty-two sheep dogs. With our growing flocks of sheep, these well trained dogs are exceedingly valuable, as they fully understand their business, they are calculated to save much trouble to the shepherd or drover.

Shooting Affray.—A shooting affray occurred on the San Joaquin river on the 16th inst., between three men by the names of Chas. Dahlin, Chas. Ross, and Fred. Ohlbert, which resulted in Ohlbert shooting Ross in the arm, dangerously wounding him; also in shooting Dahlin in the side, inflicting a mortal wound. The difficulty was about a title to a ranch.

Robbing Sluice Boxes.—It seems that the Indians about Orleans and Moore's Flats have latterly been in the habit of robbing the sluice-boxes of the miners in that section. Four were arrested on Tuesday, the 6th, who had some two hundred and fifty dollars in their possession.

Indian Troubles.—The Red Bluffs Beacon says: One Hobby, in going from our town to Ferguson's ranch, April 6th, was attacked by Indians not far from the crossing of Payne's creek, near where Allen and his son were murdered by them not long since. Hobby was on horseback, and escaped without injury.

The Indians at Honey Lake are exceedingly troublesome, says the Plumas Argus, and a party has gone out to chastise them.

A man from Relief Hill was raising a disturbance at Humbug, Nevada county, last Monday evening, when an Indian woman stabbed him. The man is not dangerously wounded.

Fire at Red Bluffs.—A fire took place April 10th, at Red Bluffs, and burned the house of Perry Kinies and contents, including the property of an old lady by the name of Gibson, which, however, was replaced in money by the people.

Man Killed.—A man by the name of Porter was mortally wounded at Allison's ranch, in Nevada county, at the hands of one Cullen, on Monday, night the 15th inst. He has since died, and Cullen is lodged in jail.

Accident.—Con. McCauliff was very much hurt in the Foley Claim, at Sidney Hill, Trinity county, by means of the caving in of a bank upon him. He is reported out of danger.

Fatal Accident.—W. T. Johnson was killed on the night of April 9th, by a bank caving on him in a hydraulic claim in the town known as the Gilbert Claim. The cave put the lights out, and it was difficult to find him. He was covered by about two feet of dirt. His watch stopped at twenty-five minutes past twelve o'clock. Johnson had time to get away, as there was a man much nearer the bank who ran and saved himself, but J. stopped to look back.—*Sacramento Mercury.*

Gold at Fraser's and Thompson's Rivers.—By the arrivals the past week from Oregon and Washington Territories, we have reliable intelligence of the discovery of rich gold diggings, on the above rivers, emptying into the northern part of Puget Sound. The gold fields discovered are situated in the British possessions, but it is believed that other fields equally rich will be found in the adjacent territory which belongs to the United States. A regular stampede has taken place of those engaged in getting out lumber and coal at various places on the "Sound" for the new diggings, and most extravagant stories are told of miners making their $8, $10, $15, $20 and $50 per day, each man. It is said to be a fact that the agents of the Hudson Bay Co. have within a few months procured 110 lbs. of coarse gold dust by trading with the Indians. The extent of the placers are at present uncertain.

Sacramento Library Association, remarks the *Union*, received by last steamer, free of cost through the liberality of the railroad, steamship and express companies, about one thousand volumes, shipped in fulfillment of an order forwarded to New York several months since. This is the second instalment received on that account. About eight hundred volumes will be received by the next steamer, making about twenty-five hundred volumes in all received on the order. In addition to this, the Society, by contributions, etc., has accumulated here a large number of volumes, and has deposited in New York about $600 to be invested in the purchase of the latest desirable publications.

Flume Destroyed by a Gale.—On April 27th, during the prevalence of the gale, the flume lately erected across Cottonwood Creek, near the Merced river, about five miles from this place, blew down, destroying nearly all the timber, causing a loss of two thousand dollars to the proprietor, Mr. Carroll. The flume was one hundred feet span, with towers eighty feet high. The ditch, to connect which the flume was intended, is to furnish water to the miners on Johnson's Flat, and Reverdy's Slide, who have been waiting over a year for water.—*Mariposa Democrat.*

Robbing the Charity Box.—The rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association were entered on Thursday night, and the lock of a tin box, kept for the purpose of receiving donations of money for the library, was broken. The money in the box disappeared.

Emigration of Colored People.—It is understood a party of colored people has been made up in this city to emigrate to Vancouver Island and the gold mines on Fraser's River. The emigrants are quiet, industrious persons, and generally in good circumstances.

News from Carson Valley.—Maj. Ormsby and Mr. Clong arrived at Placerville, on the 16th instant, from Carson Valley, with a pack train of twelve animals. They found no difficulty in crossing the Summit—the weather being fine and very pleasant.

Everything is quiet and prospering in the Valley.

New and rich discoveries of gold diggings have been made on Walker's river; also, extensive veins of quartz, which prospect exceedingly rich. Two companies have left the Valley, who intend to thoroughly prospect Walker's river and its tributaries.

The road to Salt Lake is open. The Mormons who are still in the Valley are making prepar

The Weekly Pacific.

"Is Sorrow an Element in Genuine Repentance?"

MESSRS. EDITORS:—On looking over an article in the *Pacific*, signed "D.", it struck me as being something contrary to the general Christian sentiment. The writer says sorrow is *not* an element in genuine repentance, and adds that others say *it is*, to the injury of many souls who have long waited for an experience of sorrow, to turn them to repentance; and also adds that repentance is *doing*, not feeling.

In answer, I would say, Jesus said "I came not to call the *righteous*, but sinners to repentance;" therefore *I sorrow* because of being a sinner. Let me add that he who cannot feel any emotion of sorrow for *sin*, will have no emotion of joy as the fruit of repentance. Life is made up of joys and sorrows: hence we speak of our feelings. There are some, however, who affect a stoical indifference to either, and in this frame of mind aspire to a higher state of human perfection. I cannot believe D. to be one of these. If he were, I would recommend him to go with his Redeemer to the house of mourning, to seek the lowly poor, enter into some of their sorrows—then will he find something differing from his argument. A beloved pastor of mine once made up a strong argument against *feeling*. I thought, at the time, "surely this is not your sentiment: my personal experience with you contradicts it; for, more than once, have my tales of personal trials sent into your kind heart emotions that came gushing back to your face, flooding your eye with a sparkling sympathy that no words can express, which told me plainer than any word of your own, that you were a man of genuine feeling." So with friend D.; the words of his own argument are the strongest I can find to bring to bear on him. "A father punishes a child, bids him regret, he tries to sorrow, but cannot;" in fact his mind is not sensible of sin, hence not sorry for anything, hence no repentance, notwithstanding the command to repent. Thus we find "The cause and the effect, the seed and the tree, the emotion and the act are surely the same."

I cite these arguments to prove that sorrow is an element in genuine repentance, as much as an acorn is in the growth of an oak; men may repent without sorrow, and grow trees without seed; yet I fancy neither to be natural. "There is no command in the Bible to sorrow;" but let the man of sorrow open the Bible almost anywhere, and he will find a sympathising friend who will point him to higher joys through the instrumentality of penitence; a command would be harsh, hence it is omitted. Again he says, that "man has repented without being conscious of either shame or sorrow." He quotes Paul to Cor. to prove the distinction, and adds, "that is just what we believe, and the sorrow which God produces, when sin is known to be within, leads us, moves us, sometimes almost scourges us to repentance." Why need a man repent who knows neither shame nor sorrow? To conclude, a man must be perfect indeed, in Christian life, who has not some portion of sorrowing repentance left within him; and in my brief Christian experience, a little sorrow to my usually joyous life, is like a summer shower, making everything appear bright, sparkling, and beautiful. H. P.

[FROM TUOLUMNE COUNTY.]

A New Subject—A Chance for Employment—Studying Law in a very Proper Place for California Practice—Temperance Fruits.

BIG OAK FLAT, April 13, 1858.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—So quiet and orderly have the denizens of "The Hill" pursued the even tenor of their way during the last few weeks, that I have been unable to glean from their life and labor even a few straws for the paper. The *weather* might prove a fruitful (bearing the *peaches*) theme, but should I approach that subject, perchance my I might subject myself to the charge of *plagiarism*, yet I will venture to inquire whether a snow storm in April, in these latitudes might not be reckoned a novelty. Be this as it may, it was certainly, on Thursday last, a most disagreeable reality. The snowing was ushered in with a smart hail storm, then rain fell, followed in its turn by snow, which was accomplished by a gale of wind, almost terrific. Though short, it was decidedly one of the severest storms of the season. Owing to the great altitude of this camp and the Garrotes, we have generally had snow here while it rained in the valleys below us, and our storms the last winter have been colder than usual: so that there has been but little water for mining. Within the last two weeks, however, we have been favored with showers, which have given some slight impetus with gulches, but the great majority of the placer miners are compelled to await the completion of the ditch, the contract for which, including the flume accross the "Big Gap," has been awarded to Capt. Ham, of Amador, a gentleman of much experience in such operations. The terms of the contract require the work to be completed by the first of October next. One item (?) being a flume of 2200 feet in length, and about 200 feet in height, it will be seen that a great number of men will be required to perform so large an amount of labor in so short a period of time. Some four or five hundred men will probably find employment. Capt. Ham is daily expected here with teams and utensils, and will commence the work immediately. For the construction of the flume he is to receive 52 cts. per foot, running measure, for all the material required, which it is thought will give him a large margin for profit; but inasmuch as he agrees to take his pay from the first net proceeds of the ditch, it was thought by the directors better than to assume a heavy debt, and borrow money at a high rate of interest. The completion of this ditch is the great desideratum in the section of country which it will traverse.

A man, a stranger in town, was arrested here on Saturday last for theft, and arraigned on four separate charges, to wit: stealing a pair of gold bowed spectacles; a pair of new boots; a pair of old boots, and some other articles of about the same value. On the first trial the Jury could not agree, eleven obstinate fellows persisting in believing him guilty, while the *one* was for acquittal; but a different result was effected on the trial to-day, the jurors finding a verdict of guilty upon each charge, and Justice McGee considerately committed him to the care of the county jailor for eight months. The gentleman (!) made his own defence, and afforded considerable merriment to the spectators by his attempts to bully the witnesses. He declares it as his intention to occupy the "eight months" in the study of the *law*, when he will return to Oak Flat and revenge himself upon our lawyers by *stealing* their clients. The owner of the spectacles being a lawer himself, and in this case the *prosecuting attorney* particularly excited his indignation. It is scarcely probable, however, that with his peculiar predictions, he will be permitted to *practice* in Oak Flat.

I am glad to learn that the Temperance Division of this place is taking a new start. May their zeal and numbers increase. There is a wide and weedy field here, which will require the exercise of all their powers. It is painful to see young men,—alas! how many these are—of naturally fine feelings, and who seem to regret their weakness, wasting their substance and their lives by using drugs and strychnine diluted with alcohol.

Clear skies and a warm sun have succeeded the stormy weather of last week. No pleasanter weather than we are now enjoying could be desired. There is but little land upon these hills capable of cultivation, though there are some few ranches in the vicinity adapted to the cereals, and under some improvement, but I judge that the product this season will be very light. Peaches in the neighborhood are totally destroyed. I will state, however, that the orchards are not so extensive that a failure will very seriously affect the fruit market.

Yours L.

OUR COUNTY PRISON.—Soon after Sheriff Doane took charge of the county prison I visited that place, and can bear testimony that a more filthy ill-regulated establishment it would be hard to imagine, and still more hard, for the credit of humanity, I hope to find. The whole place was dirty as possible, with holes in the floors and walls, giving free passage to rats and other vermin; in the yard were many loads of filth in barrels, besides what was to be found scattered in great quantities over the ground; in short it was a disgrace to our city and State, as well as to the feelings which should exist in every human heart. Visiting the same place again last week I was agreeably surprised by the change that had taken place, where before all was dirt and dilapidation, now was cleanliness and complete repair. Many improvements that cost but little had added to the security as well as the comfort of the prisoners. The walls are all cleanly whitewashed, the floors scoured, all the dust removed, and the whole place as neat and *sweet* as the best housekeeper could require. The contrast between the former management and the present of this necessary institution, is proof enough of the need and benefit derived by the people of San Francisco from the reform movement of 1856. W.

A CORRECT MISNOMER.—We know an old lady, who, when she alludes to the leader of the Mormons, always calls him—either unintentionally, or else by a curious jumble of ideas—"Mr. Bigamy Young."

NOBLE THOUGHTS.—I never found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. Of all trees I observe that God had chosen the vine—a low plant that creeps upon a helpful wall; of beasts, the soft and patient lamb; of all the fowls, the mild and guileless dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, nor in the spreading palm, but a bush, an humble abject bush. As if he would by these selections check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing produceth love like humility; nothing hate, like pride.

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL INCIDENT. A lady, residing in Boston, recently owned a pair of beautiful Java sparrows, which were the pet of the family and objects of admiration to all who saw them. One of them suddenly died. Its disconsolate mate refused to taste the food offered it, but sat upon its perch, looking wistfully about, and with sad and gentle notes seemed constantly to be calling its mate. The bird refused to sleep, and after various devices to banish its grief, the lady placed a small looking glass inside the cage. This reflected its own image, and wrought in a few days an entire change in the manner of the bird. It commenced singing loudly, which it continues to do, but receiving no response from its mate, it is continually quarrelling with its shadow. In its anger it occasionally flies at the glass, striking it with its beak, and is only prevented form injuring itself by removing the glass from the cage until it recovers from its passionate outbreaks, when the glass is replaced.—*Bos. Jour.*

THE SUNNY SIDE. Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is far better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks, "For every bad there might be a worse, and when he brakes his leg let him be thankful it was not his neck!" When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man." This is the true spirit of submission—one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart.

ROCKS OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

Upon the southern coast of Lake Superior, about fifty miles from the Falls of St. Mary, are the immense precipitious cliffs, called by the voyagers, Le Potrail and the Pictured Rocks. This name has been given them in consequence of the different appearance which they present to the traveler, as he passes their base in his canoe. It requires little aid from the imagination to discern in them the castellated tower and lofty dome, spires and pinnacles, and every sublime, grotesque, or fantastic shape which the genius of architecture ever invented. These cliffs are unbroken mass of rocks, rising to an elevation of three hundred feet above the level of the lake, and stretching along the coast for fifteen miles. The voyagers never pass this coast except in the most profound calm; and the Indians, before they make the attempt, offer their accustomed oblations, to propitiate the favor of their Monitas. The eye instinctively searches along this eternal rampart for a single place of security; but the search is vain. With an impassable barrier of rocks on one side, and an interminable expanse of water on the other, a sudden storm upon the lake would as inevitably insure the destruction of the passenger in his frail canoe, as if he were on the brink of the cataract of Niagara. The rock itself is a sandstone, which is disintegrated by the continual action of the water, with comparative facility. There are no broken masses upon which the eye can rest and find relief. The lake is so deep, that these masses as they are torn from the precipice; are concealed beneath its water until they are reduced to sand. The action of the wave has undermined every projecting point; and there the immense precipice rests upon arches, and the foundation is intersected with caverns in every direction.

When we passed this immense fabric of nature, the wind was still and the lake calm. But even the slightest motion of the waves, which, in the most profound calm, agitates these internal seas, swept through the deep caverns with the noise of distant thunder, and died away upon the ear as it rolled forward in the dark recesses, inaccessible to human observation. No sound more melancholy or more awful ever vibrated on human nerves! It has left an impression which neither time nor distance can ever efface. Resting in a frail bark canoe upon the limpid waters of the lake, we seemed almost suspended in air, so pellucid is the element upon which we floated. In gazing upon the towering battlements which impended over us, and from which a fragment would have destroyed us, we felt, and felt intensely, our own insignificance. No situation can be imagined more appalling to the courage, or more humbling to the pride of man. We appeared like a speck upon the face of creation. Our whole party, Indians, and voyagers, and soldiers, officers and servants, contemplated in mute astonishment, the awful display of creative power, at whose base we hung; and no sound broke upon the ear to interrupt the ceaseless roaring of the waters. No splendid cathedral, no temple built with human hands, no pomp of worship could ever impress the spectator with such humility, and so strong a conviction of the immense distance between him and the Almighty Architect.—*Gov. Cass.*

THE TIDES.

The tides of the ocean have been a subject of wonder and a puzzle to those who have not investigated their cause. It is related of the soldiers of Alexander the Great, who were natives of the Mediterranean shores, that when they reached the confines of the Indian Ocean and saw its waves rising up to a great height, and then flowing back, twice every day, that they became alarmed, and attributed the phenomena to a special interposition of the deities of the country which they had invaded. Various remarks and theories have been advanced regarding the causes of the tides. Kepler, the celebrated German astronomer, believed that the earth was a real living animal, that the tides were due to its respirations, and that men and beasts were like insects feeding on its back. The tides have also been attributed to the water of the ocean running in and out through some great hole at each pole communicating by a subterranean passage through the earth; and the Maelstrom—now a myth—that whirlpool on the coast of Norway, has been suggested as an opening into this supposed inter-ground canal. We would not be very much surprised if some speculative being would yet discover that the very cold water found by Lieut. Berryman, as described in a former number, was melted ice that had come from the Arctic regions through this inner passage, and had oozed out near Bermuda. If the tides were due to the breathings of a great monster, of course, we can suppose that it just respired twice every twenty-four hours, but this never could account for the variations of the tides. The hole through the earth also cannot account for these variations, as this theory must involve the necessity of a regular ocean current running round and round, not ebbing and flowing.

Many persons—according to letters sometimes received by us—still seem to be much perplexed with the phenomena of the tides. They cannot understand why they are higher at one time than another, nor why they rise to the height of sixty feet in the Bay of Fundny, forty feet in the ports of Bristol, England, and St. Malo, France, and only rise to a few feet in height in New York and other places, while they are scarcely perceptible in the Baltic and other seas. Descartes was the first philosopher who advanced the theory that the tides were due to the influence of the moon, but Newton was the first who worked out the problem, and discovered the true cause. Descartes believed that the motion acted on the waters of the ocean by pressure. Newton demonstrated that it acted upon the ocean by attraction; that instead of pressing the waters, it rolled them up directly under it, and also at its antipodes at the same time, thus producing the two tides every day. The tides are caused by the attraction of both the moon and the sun. If this earth had no moon, the attraction of the sun would produce two tides every day, but their ebb and flow would take place at the same hours regularly, not varying as they do now; these tides would also be much smaller than those of the moon. Although the mass of the sun is 28 millions times than of the moon, and although attraction is in proportion to the mass, yet it is also inversely as the square of the distance. As the sun, therefore, is three hundred times further distant than the moon, the attraction of the waters of the sea towards the sun is found to be about three times less than that of the moon; the tides produced by the sun would therefore be three times less than those of the moon. There are really two ocean tides, the *lunar* and *solar*, but the latter is absorbed by the former, which is wholly observable in respect to time, the solar only as it influences the height of the tidal wave. That caused by the moon is three times greater than that of the sun, and it follows the moon's motion around the earth, rising and falling every twelve hours, and each succeeding tide later by three-quarters of an hour than the preceding one, exactly in accordance with the positions of the moon, or as it is commonly called, "it rising and setting."

Sometimes there are very low, and at other times very high tides—that is, their height is not uniform. This is caused by the positions of the sun and moon relative to the earth. Thus, as at the time of the new moon, the sun and the moon being in the same parts of the heavens—the tides produced in the ocean are then the highest, because they are equal to the sum of the two tides—lunar and solar. This should also take place at the time of the full moon when our satellite is opposite the sun, the attractive force being equal and opposite, in producing the tidal wave. This is found to be true. The tides are greater at new and full moon than at the first and last quarters, as during the latter periods the attraction of the sun, not acting in unison with that of the moon, tends to lower the tides.

Reasoning from this data, it will naturally be inferred that when the sun and moon are equally distant from the two poles of the globe, such as at the times of the equinoxes in March and September, the tides would be greatest. This is also found to be the case, thus demonstrating beyond all doubt that the flux and reflux of the sea are due to the attraction of the sun and moon upon the waters of the ocean. The difference in the height of the tides at various places is due to the peculiar formation of the coasts. They are very high in the Bay of Fundy, because an immense quantity of water is piled into a wide-mouthed, narrow space, in the same manner that a certain quantity of water will rise higher in a narrow than in a wide chanel. Some have advanced the popular belief against the lunar influence causing tides, namely, that the Mediterranean is a tideless sea. This is not strictly true. The tides there, owing to the narrow passage into the Mediterranean at Gibraltar, scarcely affect this sea, but for all this there are regular tides observable at some places. At Venice they sometimes rise to two feet, and in the Faro of Messina to twenty inches.

MEANS OF PRESERVING TIMBER.

Oils are preservatives of wood, as is evidenced in the case of whaling ships, which seem to be proof against decay. Hot oil has been experimented with in impregnating wood, but while it rendered it more durable, it injured the tenacity of the fibres. From the well known preservative nature of arsenic, it would be effectual for preserving timber, but its use is attended with much danger. Timber impregnated with a solution of tannin is rendered preservative, by the tannin combining with the albumen, and forming an insoluble compound, in the same manner that leather is produced by the combination of the tannin with the gelatine of skins. Creosote is an excellent preservative of wood, and the efficacy of common tar, for this purpose, is attributed to the creosote it contains. The boiling of Timber in wood var, renders it highly preservative, but it impairs its strength. About two gallons of creosote to every one hundred gallons of water, makes a sufficiently strong solution for use. Burnett's process for preserving wood consists in the use of a chloride of zinc colored with copperas to every five gallons of water, and is applied in the same manner as the corrosive sublimate. It is considered much superior to the corrosive sublimate, because the compound it forms with the albumen of the wood is insoluble in salt water, which is not the case with the former compound. The chloride of zinc and the sulphate of copper are the most simple considering the cost. Shingles for roofs of houses, boiled in a solution of the sulphate of copper or pure salt, will last many years longer than they otherwise would.

The Prosperity of the Cotton Growing States.

The Cotton crop of 1857 was but 5 per cent. over the average of the preceding eight years, but it brought 25 per cent. more money. It was about the same in quantity as that of 1854, but it realized $42,000,000 more money. Nearly the same hands, land and money capital have realized this large increase in value. As the North and West an immense amount of capital has come from abroad, and been re-invested in those industries that have—aided by war and famine years abroad—produced the increase in surplus exported. The immigrants, with their wealth, who have flowed over the North and West in such numbers, have failed to enhance the exportable surplus of the country in the same proportion that it has been enhanced by the comparatively stationary numbers and capital of the South. California has largely increased her exports of a commodity which is of no value except to export. But the process of that production has absorbed as much capital as the export of gold has brought back into the country, that is to say, if we have got cloths, wines, sugars and teas from abroad in exchange for the gold, as much of other industrial products has been consumed in the process of digging. In the West, the location of new lands, and the building of new roads and towns and cities, has absorbed as much capital as has been reproduced. The manufacturers of the North have doubtless found the means of extracting from the South much of its increased means, in exchange for manufactures, and the South has generally paid up sufficiently well to compensate for Western deficiency; but the South has now reached a position in which she no longer depends upon advances. The prices of cotton, on which the world depends, is her monopoly, and she has the capital to govern it. The machinations of Threadneedle-street have been found powerless in the last few years to affect the value. The combinations of spinners are of no avail; the importation wants exceed the productive power of the South. The vast sums invested in machinery, on which hungry crowds depend for support, are valueless without a sufficiency of the raw material, and the supply of that material is a close monopoly.

THE STEAMSHIP ADRIATIC.

Capt. M'Kinnon, of the Royal Navy, who knows the qualities of both British and American steamers well, and who was on board of the Adriatic during her last passage from Liverpool, predicted that she would make the voyage in twenty hours less than any other steamer afloat. She beat the Persia home by about twenty-four hours. The Captain says of her: "I feel satisfied that no person of experience can deny that the Adriatic, as a whole, is the most perfect sea-going steamer in the world; the clean, knife-like manner in which she cuts the water, is a perfect marvel. When on an even keel, there is no break of wave until the paddles strike the water. Astern, the sea is smoother than in any other place on the converging current, cutting off the heads of sea as scythe cuts grass. I never remember being in a ship which gave me so much confidence as to strength, stability and easy motion."

This tribute of praise to the Adriatic is as true as it is faithful. She is the most beautiful model of any vessel afloat. She carries Calehuff's Drummond light signals, which can be seen at a great distance during the night or even in fogs, which ensures safety from collisions. No expense has been spared to render her, in point of equipment, the first steamer in the world.—*N. Y. Shipping List.*

Holloway's Pills.—The finest Family Medicines in the world, and are recommended to all who suffer from diseases of the Liver and Stomach, as they never fail to cure these diseases. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and No. 244 Strand, London; and by all druggists, at 25c., 63½c., and $1 per box.

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MARRIED.

Near Santa Rosa, April 13th, Mr. William Brooks to Miss Eliza Buel.

DIED.

In this city, April 18th, Kate, daughter of Robert S. and Abby F. Knight, aged 10 months and five days.

In this city, April 18th, of consumption, Mr. William Buckles, a native of Baltimore, aged 38 years.

In this city, April 19th, Cyrus J. Phillips, a native of Hockingport, Ohio, aged about 25 years.

In this city, April 20th, Louisa, daughter of Joseph H. and Belinda A. Weed, aged 2 years and 5 months.

At Hilo, Hawaii, on the 6th of March, after an illness of two weeks, Mrs. Maria L., wife of Benjamin Pitman, Esq., aged 35 years and 9 months.

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[fe24] N. E. cor. of Sansome and Washington streets.

FIRST PREMIUM AGAIN,
BEING THE
FIFTH TIME RECEIVED,
AGAINST
All Competitors!
R. H. VANCE,
Corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets, San Francisco.
HAVING AGAIN RECEIVED THE FIRST PREMIUM awarded at the State Fair for the best Ambrotypes, Photographs, and Daguerreotypes, also, at the Fair of the Mechanics' Institute, in this city—I would say to my patrons that I am now producing better work than ever, at much reduced prices, to conform to the times.
Having reduced my prices more than TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT., no one need hereafter go

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE PACIFIC.]

The Contrast.—BY MARIA.

CONCLUDED.

I went home, my mind deeply impressed with the solemnity of the scenes I had witnessed. The family were at tea when I entered, and I took my place at the table, and related all that had occurred, and concluded by asking my parents to receive the sweet motherless girl as their daughter. By the sad, tearful expression of my mother's countenance as I finished my story, I felt sure of her consent. But my father's face was so grave and thoughtful, that I was almost afraid he would refuse.

"I have known Mayworth for a long time," he murmured, as if thinking aloud, "a smart, well educated, intelligent man. If it were not for his intemperance, and if I could think he is sincere in his promises of amendment, I could place him in a situation, where, by steady attention to business, he might in a short time erase the stigma he has brought upon his family and himself; for I cannot help sympathizing with the poor miserable man in his afflictions, and would like to help him, if he wishes to reform. But then it is so hard to break away from old habits, that I am almost afraid he will not hold out."

"But you will take Hester, will you not, dear father?" said I, going to him and caressing him coaxingly, for he seemed to be thinking more about the father than her; while I could not get her sad face out of my mind for one moment.

"And so my pet wants to bring a rival home, does she?" said he, his face relaxing into a smile, as he folded his arms around me.

"I am not afraid of a rival in my parents' affection," replied I, kissing them both, "for they have love enough in their hearts for the poor motherless little Hester, and myself too."

"Turned flatterer, eh?" said my father, stroking my hair.

"No, I cannot flatter you: but do I have your and mother's consent to bring my little girl home?"

"Yes, you have our full consent; bring the poor child here, and we will give her a parent's love and care, for your sake."

"But you will soon love her for her own, she is so amiable and bright;" I replied, returning his good night kiss.

My mother pressed me to her heart, as she kissed me before retiring, saying, "I am pleased with your conduct this day, my dear child, and may you always have strength to do whatever duty falls to your lot in life." Her praise fully compensated me for all I had suffered through fear and sympathy.

The next morning I went over to Mr. M.'s. The earthly remains of the devoted mother lay clothed in the habiliments of the grave. A cold shudder crept over me as I saw Hester with her face against that of the corpse, from which she had taken the covering. She raised her head as I spoke her name, but oh! how changed was that once bright, lovely face! Her eyes were sunken, with a dark circle under them, and her face and lips were colorless. I replaced the cloth over the placid features of the dead, and kissed Hester as I drew her to me. She leaned her head heavily against my breast, saying in a sad, listless voice, "I am so glad you have come; it has been so lonesome here all the time."

We went to the funeral, my father taking his carriage for the mourners. Mr. Marlow sent his carriage, but would not attend himself, saying that "Wilson might associate with paupers and drunkards, if he wished to, but that he would not, though he supposed his wife and Julia must, because Mrs. Wilson and Ida would be there, as they had adopted the drunkard's child."

Hester was removed to our home, but months passed away before she looked anything like her former self. Soon after his wife's death, Mr. Mayworth joined the Sons of Temperance, and my father being in want of a book-keeper, engaged him. After Hester recovered her health and spirits, she entered one of the junior classes in the same school with myself, where she soon outstripped those in the same class, and with her lovely face, and sweet, winning ways, made herself a favorite with all. Julia Marlow being her dearest friend, out of her own family. She mastered all her studies with an ease which was truly surprising in one of her years. At home, she was the pet of the family; and if it had not been for the amiability of her temper, we should surely have spoiled her. My father gave her my name of pet, calling me daughter, which I liked better. My parents often blessed the day that gave her to them, for she was like a sunbeam in the house, warming all who came in contact with her, with her bright sunny smile, and cheerful temperament. Thus the years passed happily. At eighteen, I was married and removed to Boston, and Julia Marlow, two days afterward was married to Mr. Lewis, the clerk before spoken of, but who had since entered into partnership with her father. I left home with the less regret, that Hester remained to be a comfort to my parents.

I often received letters from N. Those from my parents spoke in the highest terms of Hester, who, my father declared, was the best and prettiest girl in N., and that Master Marlow seemed to think so too, but Hester treated him with dignified indifference, which astonished most of the villagers, though it did not me, for he had the same petty, annoying, cruel, heartless disposition that he showed years before, and it was not because he was better, but that she was beautiful, and the village belle, that he wished to ingratiate himself into her favor; and she, being well aware of his character, treated him as he deserved. Hester's letters were full of love to me, and they informed me of all the village news.

The next winter she and my parents visited me in Boston. Little did I imagine, then, how long it would be before I should see any of them again. I received home letters, as usual, for the next four years, but one thing or another prevented me from visiting N., as I promised myself I would. My little family confined me at home, and my parents disliked travelling, so we did not meet.

At fourteen, Hester united with the church, and bid fair to become a useful Christian; and from that time she was all that her friends could wish her to be. When she was seventeen, she was married to a Mr. Sterling, a pious, wealthy man, though she first refused John Marlow, Junior, a circumstance, which, I confess it, gave me no little satisfaction to learn. I was very anxious to attend her wedding, but illness prevented me, and soon after my recovery, my husband moved out West, without giving me time to visit N. It was a bitter disappointment to me, but "what can't be cured, must be endured," and I had to submit to the necessity of the case. It was a new settlement, with from fifty to seventy-five families within ten miles, the wolves being our nearest neighbors, who often frightened, but never hurt us. The regular Post Office being at B., a village one hundred miles distant; and although my parents and Hester wrote now and then, what with the distance to the office, and the irregularity of the mails, I seldom received a letter from home.

As I gave you no account of my city life, neither shall I of my western, but pass over twelve years, as the end of which time I revisited N., after an absence of seventeen years; and I was truly a stranger in the place of my birth, so I could hardly recognize my childhood home. I had left my two eldest children, a son and daughter, in Cincinnati, at school, taking my youngest, and pet, Hester, with me. My husband, not being able to leave his business to his satisfaction, remained at home. My parents embraced me with tears and joy, and returned thanks to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe for the restoration of their darling child, after an absence of so many years. My little Hester was soon at home with her doting grand-parents, who said that I must either leave her with them when I returned home, or come back and live with them myself. I inquired after Hester, as soon as they were done questioning me.

"Mr. Sterling has bought Mr. Marlow's residence;" said my father.

"Is it possible?" I exclaimed, "what induced Mr. Marlow to sell his homestead? but never mind telling me, for I must quickly see Hester, and I will hear all the news from her."

I called at the mansion on High street, which had undergone some modern improvements, but was not so changed but that I could easily recognize the place. The servant led me to the back parlor, upon my wishing to be shown to Mrs. Sterling's room. I dismissed the girl, wishing to meet my darling Hester alone, after so long a separation. I tapped lightly at the door, and a lovely little girl of some eight summers, opened it, and invited me in. Hester, a beautiful woman, was seated on the sofa, with a one-year-old, little, curly-headed boy on her lap, and another little fellow making block-houses on the carpet at her feet. She looked up as I entered, giving me one long, earnest, inquiring look. "Hester," said I, when down went baby, in a way that I thought detrimental to the youngster's limbs, and with one glad cry she was in my arms, and we wept for joy.

After we were somewhat composed, she introduced each of her children, which I kissed affectionately. She then rang the bell for the nurse to take them up to the nursery, saying, "Your name sake, Ida, is at school."

"Come now, Hester," said I, as soon as we were quiet, I want you tell me all about the Marlows. Father commenced, but I had rather hear it from your own lips."

"I told you all about them in my letters"

"But I did not receive the letters."

"Very well, then, I will tell you now. After you left for the West, John, Junior became more of a villain, daily: his father never controlled him when young, and of course could not when he was older. At last he stabbed a man, and it took the most of his father's property to save him from state prison. I do not understand the technicalities of law, therefore cannot explain it, but I know Master John had so many days to leave in, and he has never been heard from since. After John left, Mr. Marlow seemed to lose all interest in his business, and the villagers were astounded one morning, by the news that Mr. Marlow had left, taking another man's wife with him. Poor Mrs. Marlow was ill for a long time, but finally recovered her health in a measure, and not liking to remain here, where everything reminded her of her troubles, she offered the house for sale, and my husband bought it. Mrs. Marlow lives with Julia, who is a happy wife and mother."

"And your father and brother?"

She led me to the window, and pointed to a beautiful white cottage opposite.

"And so he is married."

"Oh no, he says he loved mother too well to ever marry again, but he has a widowed sister, with three children, living with him. My brother is a wholesale merchant in New York. He brings his wife and children to visit me every summer."

I kissed her, the happy, and lovely woman, —once the little barefooted outcast, the drunkard's child.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

At the royal wedding of Prince Frederic William of Prussia and the Princess Royal of England, January 25, the following Royal Nuptial Anthem, was sung, the assembly joining in the chorus, and the organ accompanying:—

God guard the Royal bride,
Bless fair Brittania's pride,
God guard her well!
Bright be her future fame,
Spotless and free from blame,
Pure as her mother's name—
God guard her well!

Long may the youthful pair
Life's purest pleasure share—
God guard them well!
Guide them, and truly bless,
Send them great happiness.
More than tongue can express!
God guard them well!

Born to a high estate,
God! make them truly great!
O guard them well!
Grant they may ever prove
Worthy a nation's love,
Worthy a crown above—
God guard them well!

The following is the contribution of the poet laureate, Mr. Tennyson, to the festivities of the occasion:—

God bless our Prince and Bride!
God keep their lands allied,
God save the Queen!
Clothe them with righteourness,
Crown them with happiness,
Them with all blessings bless,
God save the Queen!

Fair fall this hallowed hour,
Farewell our England's flower,
God save the Queen!
Farewell, fair rose of May!
Let both the people say,
God bless thy marriage day,
God bless the Queen!

The Royal Marriage.

We have just seen the kingdoms of Great Britain and Prussia set agog by the marriage of two of their young people. The Princess Royal of England, a young lady of seventeen, is Queen Victoria's eldest child. Still it is not probable that she will ever be Queen of England. She has too many brothers, all of whose titles to the throne precede hers, ever to expect it. But she is much more likely to become the Queen of Prussia. The present King of Prussia has no children. He is also nearly sixty years of age, and very infirm, and must soon leave his crown to his successor. This successor will naturally be his brother. But this brother is almost as old as the King, and if the crown should fall to him, he could not keep it long. Then it will fall by right to the young Prince of Prussia, whose marriage is now causing such joy in Germany. He has been in England a good deal, and is decidedly English in his notions and tastes.

The mass of the German people are delighted at this union with England, a Protestant nation like their own. There are but few Protestant nations among the Germans, and their marriage alliances have hitherto been too much with Catholic or Greek powers, and they have suffered by it. In this way, the Prussians have been closely connected with Russia; the Queen of the late Emperor of Russia being the sister of the present King of Pussia, and the policy of Prussia has been controlled by the former power, as in the late war of the Crimea. This marriage, therefore, is regarded as a stronger pledge of the future sympathy and co-operation of these two Protestant nations, than scores of treaties would be. When an English Princess shall be Queen of Prussia, they cannot well be found on opposite sides, in any of the great struggles that are yet to take place in Europe. It is this which renders, what would otherwise be only a wedding, an event of real importance, and such just cause for joy, to two kingdoms. And viewed in this light, we, as Protestants, may send the young people our congratulations, and join both countries in the festivities which celebrate their nuptials.

Springfield Republican.

Americans and Europeans Compared.

Climate, no doubt, has an influence upon health and physical character, but it ought not to be held responsible for the willful ignorance and moral infirmities of the people. It is a common impression, and perhaps a correct one, that the Anglo-Americans are less robust than the Europeans to whom they are allied. They have less fullness of the muscular system, less breadth of chest, and fewer of the common marks of strength and hardihood than their relations across the ocean.

But notwithstanding this apparent difference in physical achievement, every one who has had opportunity for observation, knows that the laborer bred to our farm work is greatly superior to the freshly imported recruit. He excels him, not only in his general intelligence, and economy of applying strength to his work, but in the quickness of his motions, and in his power of endurance. We have often looked with wonder upon the feats performed upon our farms by American laborers. They seem to be all muscle, and their muscles made of steel, so unflagging are their steps, so tireless their arms, as they swing the scythe or ax. This superior activity, and the energy which usually accompanies it, are undoubtedly attributable in part to some peculiar quality in our climate.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

DEATH.

[Written on a death-bed by a young lady of great intellectual promise.]

Say where, on thy slow pinions, tarriest thou,
Oh soft, celestial breath,
Sent to my spirit from the Infinite?
I will not call thee Death!

On my white couch, all day I wait for thee,
And through the dewy night;
Has He commissioned thee to wing so low,
And calm, thy solemn flight?

In velvet fields, I know the lambkins play,
And infant violets peep.
Come swiftly, ere my almost parted heart,
Return for these to weep!

While still and pale, I fade from hour to hour,
Eyes, keeping watch like stars,
Make earth so dear that still my spirit rests,
Without the crystal bars!

This lower sky is gloriously fair:
I am not tired of earth!
From other spheres, I shall look love to thee,
Land of my mortal birth!

But I have caught a vision of the palms,
Around the Mount of God:
That mystic tree, whose branches show the way
Which CHRIST, the Savior, trod.

And underneath their boughs my soul must dwell
With souls beautified.
'Twas whispered to me in the holy night,
By angels at my side.

Then why, on thy slow pinions, tarriest thou,
Oh soft, celestial breath,
Sent to my spirit from the Infinite!
I will not call thee Death!

Decorating the Grave with Flowers.

There is a kind of pathos and touching tenderness of expression in these sweet and fragrant emblems of affection, which language cannot reach, and which is calculated to perpetuate a kind of soothing sympathy between the living and the dead. They speak of cords of life, too strong for even the grave to break asunder. This practice no doubt gave rise to the ancient custom which prevailed in the East of burying in gardens, and is one which conduces to the gratification of the best feelings of our nature. It prevailed generally in and about the Holy City, and also among the Medes, Persians, Grecians, and Romans. The Persians adopted it from the Medes,—the Grecians from the Persians. In Rome, persons of distinction were buried in gardens or fields near the public roads. Their monuments were decorated with chaplets, and lealsams, and garlands of flowers.

The tomb of Achilles was decorated with amaranth; the urn of Philopemen was covered with chaplets; the grave of Sophocles with roses and ivy; that of Anacreon with ivy and flowrets. Baskets of lilies, violets, and roses, were placed in the graves of husbands and wives, white roses on the unmarried females. In Java, the inhabitants scatter flowers over the bodies of their friends; in China, the custom of planting flowers on the graves of their friends, is of very ancient dates, and still prevails. The natives of Surat stew fresh flowers on the graves of their saints every year.

In Tripoli, the tombs are deorated with garlands of roses, of Arabia jessamine, and orange and myrtle flowers.

In Schwytz, a village in Switzerland, there is a beautiful little church-yard, in which almost every grave is covered with pinks. In the elegant church-yard in Wirfin, in the valley of Salza, in Germany, the graves are covered with little oblong boxes, which are planted with perennial shrubs, or renewed with annual flowers; and others are so dressed on fete days. Suspended from the ornaments of recent graves, are little vases filled with water, in which the flowers are preserved fresh. Children are often seen thus dressing the graves of their mothers—and mothers wreathing garlands for their children.

A late traveler, on going early in the morning into one of the church-yards in the village of Wirfin, saw six or seven persons decorating the graves of their friends, and of some who had been buried twenty years. What a delightful and profitable school for the affections, would such scenes afford the visitors of the Lone Mountain Cemetery? This custom also prevails in Scotland, and in North and South Wales. An epitaph there says,

"The village maidens to her grave shall bring
The fragrant garland, each returning spring,
Selected sweets! in emblem of the maid,
Who underneath this hallowed turf is laid."

In Wales, children have snowdrops, primroses, violets, hazel-bloom, and sallow blossoms on their graves. Persons of mature years, have tansy, box, ivy, and rue. In South Wales, no flowers or evergreens are permitted to be planted on graves but those which are sweet scented. Pink, polyanthus, sweet-williams, gilliflowers, carnations, mignionette, thyme, hyssop, camomile, and rosemary are used. The red roses are appropriated to the graves of good and benevolent persons.

In Easter week, most graves are newly dressed, and manured with fresh earth. In Whitsuntide holy-days, they are again dressed, weeded, and if necessary, replanted. No persons ever breaks or disturbs flowers thus planted. It is considered sacrilege.

In Cabul, burying grounds are held veneration, and were called *Cities of the Silent*. The Jews call them *Houses of the Dead*. The Egyptians visited the graves of their friends twice a week, and strewed sweet bazil on them, and do to this day.

While the custom of decorating graves and grave-yards with flowers, and ornamental trees and shrubs, has prevailed so long and extensively among ancient and modern civilized nations, some of the American aborigines will not permit a weed or blade of grass, nor any other vegetable, to grow upon the graves of their friends. With few exceptions, there has hitherto been in our country a strange remissness on this subject, which would surprise the heathen. Graves and church-yards are left to the course of gradual dilapidation and decay, which ever follows in the train of moral degradation.

VALUABLE STOCK.—It is asserted that the stock of the Cunard line of European steamships is at over 200 per cent, premium. Very little of it is ever sold. A gentleman of Glasgow last summer offered £3,000 for a share of £1,000, but could not get it. With their first five ships they have built all their additional eight or nine ships, with the common earnings, without any assessment for additional capital.

"What did you give for that horse, neighbor?"

"My note."

"Well, that *was* cheap."

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Successor to ISAAC HILMAN, Proprietor.
Ap18-3m

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The Proprietor, who has been engaged in this house since 1853, solicits a continuance of the patronage of his many friends, which, as heretofore, he will endeavor to merit by strict attention to their wants and comfort.

jan7-3m G. W. FRINK, Proprietor.

HO! THERE, EVERYBODY!
FACE THE MUSIC AND READ!

IF YOU HAVE BUSINESS OF ANY KIND TO transact, is it not important that you should endeavor to get as near as possible to where business of all kinds is known to centre?

Do you wish to patronize a house conducted on strictly temperance principles?

Do you want to stop at an establishment favorably known throughout California, Oregon, and all other places, for its moderate charges, good and the best beds, together with order, comfort, convenience, and superior accommodations?

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This establishment is centrally located in the principal business part of the city, and in the immediate vicinity of the Steamship Co's and Express Co's offices, and the United States Branch Mint.

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By unremitting attention and untiring efforts to furnish the greatest amount of comfort and convenience at extremely low prices, the proprietor hopes to merit a continuance of the increasing patronage that the What Cheer House at present enjoys.

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THE HOUSE IS OPEN ALL NIGHT.

Travelers will please remember that there are no Runners connected with this establishment.

The What Cheer House is conducted on strictly temperance principles.

sep18-3m R. B. WOODWARD, Proprietor.

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BIBLES ARRIVED.

THE SAN FRANCISCO BIBLE SOCIETY HAVE received by the "Bostonian" and "Neptune's Car," a full assortment of Bibles and Testaments.

Depository on Montgomery street near Market. m25

INFORMATION WANTED—Of the whereabouts of ALBA JAMES CORNWELL, who left Pontiac, in the State of Michigan, Nov. 3d, 1857, for California, and was last heard from on the 15th of November, 1856, then at Vallecito, Calaveras county, California. Said Cornwell was 30 years of age in October last, the 8th day. Any information concerning him will be gladly received by his mother and two sisters, by addressing D. C. Ireland, Publisher Sentinel, Coldwater, Michigan, who is the husband of his eldest sister, Catherine M.

N. B.—Publishers in the State of California will confer a great favor on their brother in the fraternity, by giving the above notice an insertion in their respective sheets

FURNITURE, BEDDING, &c. &c.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

J. T. PIDWELL informs his old customers and the public generally, that he has just returned from the East and has resumed business at 146 Washington street.

From the arrangement he was enabled to make with some of the principal Houses in New York and Boston, he will be kept in constant supply with the best Goods for this market, and with what he intends to manufacture, will be enabled to fill all orders he may be favored with.

He would take the opportunity to inform those of the Trade that may wish to order direct from the East that he is prepared to transmit their orders, and afford them facilities to procure any goods they may desire.

Samples of Furniture,

Looking Glasses and Bedding, with a variety of Upholstery Goods, such as Flash, Hair-cloth, Webbing, and Leet's Patent Spiral Springs for Mattresses, Sofas and Chairs: and an assortment of Cabinet Hardware.

He will also be in receipt of invoices of goods, which he will dispose of at a small advance.

He therefore feels confident to be able to give satisfaction to all those who may be desirous of purchasing, either at wholesale or retail.

Remember—146 Washington street. fe4 3m

PALMER'S PATENT ARTIFICIAL LEGS

OBTAINED by applying at the office of the Bulletin, to JARVIS NEWETT.
San Francisco, Jan. 15, 1858. 3m*

EXCELSIOR
Book and Job Printing Establishment,
CORNER CLAY, SANSOME & COMMERCIAL STS.
Entrance on Clay Street.

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PROPRIETORS OF THE ABOVE WELL KNOWN Printing Establishment, take this occasion to inform their friends and the public, that they now possess facilities for the performance of every style of

PRINTING,

unsurpassed by any office in the State.

They execute, to order, in the best style, and at short notice—

Posters,	*Billheads,*	*Circulars,*
Handbills,	*Stock Books,*	*Billets,*
Programmes,	*Certificate do.*	*Labels,*
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Pamphlets,	*Newspapers,*	*Business Cards,*
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And in fact everything that can be printed: and the principal recommendations for their work are to the

Low Prices at which it is done, and its Superior Style and Elegance.

They have the advantage of a POWERFUL STEAM ENGINE, and two of ADAMS' PATENT POWER PRESSES, for fine book and newspaper work, acknowledged throughout the United States to be the

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The office is also supplied with a large quantity of ENGRAVINGS, suitable for every occupation and want; which, by judicious use, render work of many kinds far more attractive to the eye and better adapted to claim public attention.

The proprietors are all PRACTICAL PRINTERS, and devote their time exclusively to their business—thus guaranteeing those who favor them with orders that their work will be well and promptly done.

Parties in the Interior wishing anything in the way of Printing or Book Binding, can send their orders by Mail or Express, which will receive prompt attention.

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SESSIONS OF FIVE MONTHS EACH, COMMENCE first Monday of May and November.

TERMS.—PAYABLE MONTHLY.

Tuition in common English branches....$ 4 per month.
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Music, with use of instrument..... 10 "
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Rev. J. C. HERRON,
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R. C. HAILE, " J. M. MOWELL, Sacramento
JUDGE HARTSON, " REV. DR. SCOTT, S. F.
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ja37-3m

Rochester Bedding and Furniture Store,
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MANUFACTURER and Dealer in BEDS, BEDSTEADS, COTS, MATTRESSES, SHEETS, Comforters, and everything in the above line.

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Also—Constantly on hand, Hair, Moss, Wool, Pulu, and Feathers, for sale, at the lowest prices, wholesale and retail. Orders for Pulu can only be supplied in this city at the above establishment, which is located as above, nearly opposite the International Hotel.

N. B.—All orders promptly attended to, and executed with neatness and dispatch. sept 18-3m

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MANILLA ROPE OF ANY SIZE, MANUFACtured to order, and have constantly on hand a large assortment of

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ALSO,
Bale Rope, and Whale Line.
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WE are manufacturing from pure Hemp, and have constantly on hand large assortment of

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Of all sizes—three and four strand—comprising Whale Line, Bale Rope, (for bailing hay,) Manila Hawsers, &c. Also, OAKUM—all of which are guaranteed to be of the best qualities made.

Any particular size, length, or description of Manila Cordage required will be manufactured to ORDER at short notice.

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Office, No. 166 Clay street, north side, between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco.
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ja14-1y Near California street, San Francisco

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FOR THE
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
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New and Popular
SHEET MUSIC,
WOOD AND BRASS
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

And warranted of the first quality, to be returned if proved to be otherwise. All kinds of

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SUPER-SUPERFINE "A A" ITALIAN STRINGS,

For Violin, Guitar, and other instruments, manufactured expressly for this establishment and California climate.

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Of American, English, French and German manufacture, warranted to stand the climate.

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Fine Black Frock and Dress Coats,
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Also, every variety of
Gents' Clothing and Furnishing Goods,
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English Cannel Coal,
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Manufacturers of Quartz Mills, Saw Mills, Steam Engines, Pumps, etc. etc.
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Importer of and Wholesale and Retail Dealer
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DIAMONDS,
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SILVER PLATED WARE.
QUARTZ WORK
OF ALL KINDS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

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AT
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WATCH
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Ready for Casing.
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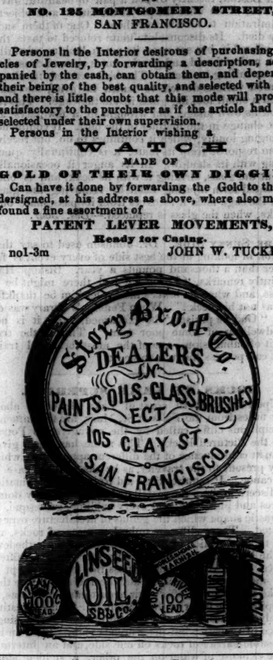

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UNDER the supervision of the Young Men's Christian Association, San Francisco, find employment for all kinds of HELP:

House Servants, Cooks, Seamstresses, Grooms, Coachmen, Farm Hands, Day Laborers,
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Rent Houses and Lands, Collect Bills, Negotiate Loans, &c.

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ARE OFFERING TO THE PUBLIC THE FINEST ARRAY OF
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CHILDREN'S GOODS
IN GREAT VARIETY.
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